

DOCTOR WHO

THE NIGHTMARE FAIR

EPISODE ONE

BY

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EPISODE ONE. LEXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. NIGHT.

(THE HOUR BEFORE DAWN. THERE IS ENOUGH AMBIENT LIGHT TO SEE, SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY, THE SKELETAL SHAPES OF THE TRELLISES AND SCAFFOLDING MAKING UP THE SUPERSTRUCTURE OF THE MAJOR FAIRGROUND RIDES.

THERE ARE MANY AMUSEMENT ARCADES IN THE PARK, AND WE ARE OUTSIDE ONE OF THE GAUDIEST, THE ONE OPPOSITE THE DARKENED BUT IDENTIFIABLE FACADE OF THE GHOST TRAIN RIDE

AS WE TILT DOWN FROM THE ESTABLISHING SHOT, WE HEAR THE SOUND OF RAGGED BREATHING GROW LOUDER, DESPERATE, TERRIFIED

PICK UP IN IMMEDIATE C.U. THE FACE TO GO WITH THE BREATHING - MIDDLE AGED, GLEAMING WITH SWEAT.

PULL BACK TO SEE THE WHOLE MAN, IN SHIRTSLEEVES.

EMERGE FROM BENEATH THE GHOST TRAIN PLATFORM.

HE CASTS A FEARFUL LOOK BEHIND HIM, THEN CLIMBS

ONTO THE PLATFORM TO A HIGH POINT FROM WHENCE

HE CAN JUMP ACROSS THE LOWER GUARD RAIL, ONTO

THE FAIRGROUND CONCOURSE, AND THEN, AFTER LANDING

HEAVILY, TO CROSS, OR RATHER STAGGER, TO THE

AMUSEMENT ARCADE OPPOSITE.

FROM BENEATH THE PLATFORM WE SEE AN ELECTRONIC RED GLOW, GROWING NEARER, AND STRONGER

THE MAN HAS STOPPED FOR BREATH AGAINST THE SHUTTERED

DOORS OF THE ARCADE. SLOWLY, HE EDGES HIS WAY

AROUND THE WALLS OF THE ARCADE, FEARFULLY WATCHING

THE DIRECTION FROM WHICH HE'S COME, AGAIN. WE

SEE AN INDISTINCT SHAPE EMERGE FROM THE GHOST

TRAIN RIDE - FORMING ITSELF INTO A DENSE RED

CLOUD, ABOUT SEVEN FEET HIGH IN RELATION TO ITS

SURROUNDINGS. THE CLOUD MOVES TOWARDS US ...

THE MAN CONTINUES HIS EDGING ROUND UNTIL, IN A

SHOCK WHIP-PAN, HE ALMOST RUNS INTO KEVIN. BOTH IN C.U. THE MAN GIVES A STRANGLED SCREAM, AND HURLS HIMSELF BACK THE WAY HE'S COME. WE BECOME AWARE OF A GROWING NOISE - A REGULAR "CRUMPCRUMP" NOISE, IN A VERY SLOW BEAT.

WE SEE THE MAN DART ABOUT, UNDECIDED WHICH WAY TO GO. THE "CRUMPCRUMP" GETS LOUDER, AND FASTER. THE RED CLOUD MOVES ACROSS FROM THE GHOSTRIDE, BEGINNING NOW TO TAKE ON A HARDER FORM. THE MAN SEES THE SHAPE, AND, WITH ANOTHER STRANGLED SCREAM MOVES AWAY AT A STAGGER, TO AROUND THE BACK OF THE ARCADE.

FROM KEVIN'S POV, WE SEE THE SHAPE COALESCING INTO A HUMANOID FIGURE, BUT WITH NO HUMANOID FEATURES.

KEVIN FLATTENS HIMSELF AGAINST THE ARCADE WALLS... HE PEERS AROUND, BACK TOWARDS THE FIGURE. THERE IS NOTHING THERE, BUT THE "CRUMPING" NOISE HAS TAKEN ON A MORE STRIDENT, URGENT NOTE. KEVIN MOVES OUT, TRYING TO DETERMINE WHERE THE NOISE IS COMING FROM. HE CAREFULLY AND SLOWLY MOVES OUT FROM HIS PLACE OF CONCEALMENT AND MOVES TOWARDS THE SOUND. WE HEAR A MAN'S VOICE, IN A DESPERATE MOAN RATHER THAN A SHOUT -

MAN:(OOV) No...no..no

(THE VOICE ENDS IN A SCREAM, AND, ALMOST IMMEDIATE THE "CRUMPING" NOISE STOPS. THE RELIEF FROM THE URGENCY OF THE SOUND EFFECT SHOULD BE TANGIBLE. AFTER ONLY A MOMENT'S PAUSE, KEVIN RUNS IN THE DIRECTION OF THE LAST SOUND, AND OF THE SCREAM.

HE RUNS SMACK INTO A BLIND ALLEY BEHIND THE ARCADE NO-ONE AND NOTHING IS THERE, EXCEPT, ON THE GROUND A SCATTERING OF SHOKING DUST

AS KEVIN WATCHES, THE WIND QUICKLY SCATTERS THE REMAINING DUST UNTIL NOTHING IS LEFT

EPISODE ONE.

INT. TOP OF BLACKPOOL TOWER. DAY.

(START ON THE DOCTOR, HIS OWN, OR
ANOTHER, TELESCOPE TO HIS EYE.)

DOCTOR: There's nowhere else
like it. Nowhere in this galaxy,
anyway They're trying to build
one out on the rim of the Crab Nebula,
but the Design Concept's all wrong.
They're trying to build it for a
purpose ...

PERI: What's wrong with that?

DOCTOR: Everything! You
can't build a place like this for a
mere ... purpose! Don't talk to me
of "Fluid lines provoked by the
ergonomic imperatives ..."

PERI: Airight, I won't.

DOCTOR: Or "the strict adherence
to the symbolic form" "classical use
of conceptual space" ..

PERI: I promise, I won't
talk about anything like that ...

DOCTOR: Designers' gobbledegook!
Architects' flim-flam!

PERI: I quite agree. I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about.

(THE DOCTOR PUTS THE TELESCOPE DOWN AND BEAMS, ENORMOUSLY SATISFIED.)

DOCTOR: No, you'll never win that argument. Nothere. This is perfection...

(BEGIN THE SLOW ZOOM OUT)

This is genius ...

(KEEP ZOOMING OUT.)

This is classic ...

(STILL ZOOMING OUT)

Frivolity!

EXT. FUNFAIR. DAY.

(WE HAVE LEFT THE DOCTOR AND PERI ABOUT A MILE BACK, ZOOMING OUT TO REVEAL THEM HAVING BEEN STANDING IN THE OBSERVATION DOME OF THE BLACKPOOL TOWER. THE PULL-BACK HAS REVEALED THE SEA FRONT, AND SETTLED WITH THE AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE FOREGROUND. FEATURE THE JOYS THE FAIRGROUND HAS TO OFFER - A WHIRLING CAROUSEL, THE "WALTZA" RIDE, THE BIGGEST OF THE SWITCHBACK RIDES, THE CROWDS ENJOYING THEMSELVES MIGHTILY. CUT BACK TO THE DOCTOR:)

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INT. TOWER OBSERVATION ROOM. DAY

(THE DOCTOR'S BEAMING FACE EMERGES FROM THE EYEPiece OF THE TELESCOPE.)

DOCTOR: Come on, we haven't a moment to lose!

(HE STRIDES BRISKLY OUT OF SHOT. PERI, TAKEN BY SURPRISE, FOLLOWS HIM.)

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

(A SMALL ROOM, INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM POLICE INTERVIEW ROOMS UP AND DOWN THE COUNTRY. SEATED AT THE SMALL TABLE IS KEVIN, ABOUT TWENTY TWO AND PLEASANT LOOKING ENOUGH. THE DOOR OPENS IMMEDIATELY AS A UNIFORMED CONSTABLE SHOWS IN DETECTIVE INSPECTOR GERALD TRUSCOTT. THE PC. CLOSES THE DOOR, AND STAYS. KEVIN RISES ALMOST APPREHENSIVELY, AND INSPECTOR TRUSCOTT IS INDEED AN IMPRESSIVE FIGURE.)

TRUSCOTT: Sit down, lad.

(KEVIN DOES SO. TRUSCOTT SITS OPPOSITE, HEFTING A THICK FOLDER IN HIS HAND.)

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TRUSCOTT:(CONT'D) Didn't take much
finding, did this ... regular visitor
here aren't you? I'm surprised we
haven't met before.

KEVIN:(SULLEN) I've asked often enough ...

TRUSCOTT: "Someone in authority"
I believe you stipulated?

KEVIN: That's right ...

TRUSCOTT: Well, will I do? I mean,
I'm only a lowly Inspector - you could
have Chief Inspector, superintendent,
chief superintendent -

KEVIN: You'll do.

TRUSCOTT: Chief Constable's not
got much on, today, shall I?

KEVIN: No, it's alright ...

(TRUSCOTT TURNS THE FILE TO THE LAST
ENTRY. HE READS FOR A MOMENT, THEN LOOKS
UP AT KEVIN, HARD.)

TRUSCOTT: Your statement of this
morning. Relating to events of last
night. A truthful statement?

KEVIN: Yes

TRUSCOTT: "The figure was glowing
red, with some green or blue at the edges
About seven feet tall and heavily built ...

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TRUSCOTT:(CONT'D) The red colour
seemed to pulsate, giving the impression
that the figure was increasing then
decreasing in size. It had no eyes, no
ears, nothing I could describe as a face ... "
I'll be honest with you lad. We've
blundered.

KEVIN: How?

TRUSCOTT: At this point the
sergeant who took your statement should've
determined if there were any distinguishing
marks

(THE CONSTABLE STIFLES, WITHOUT SUCCESS,
A LARGE SNIGGER.)

This is no laughing matter
lad. One more outburst like that an' I'll
have you out in that Park until dawn on
the third day.

(THE CONSTABLE, RIGHTLY, BELIEVES EVERY WORD,
AND STRAIGHTENS TO ATTENTION.)

(CONTINUES TO KEVIN) I'm sure you'll
excuse the oversight, but we shouldn't
have much trouble finding chummy in a
crowd, should we?

KEVIN: No trouble at all. Even
you lot.

(TRUSCOTT LETS THIS RIDE AS HE LEAPS BACK
THROUGH THE FILE, READING AS HE GOES

TRUSCOTT: "The figure of a chinese mandarin, appearing and disappearing into thin air..." (TURNS PAGES) "Strange lights appeared about twenty feet off the ground" (TURNS PAGES) "Strange lights appeared at ground level" So there was nothing unusual about last night, then ...?

(STONY FACED REACTION FROM KEVIN.)

I mean it were pretty much like any other night you find yourself in the Amusement Park on your way home from a party - /

KEVIN: (HISTLY) AYE, THERE WAS SOMETHING DIFFERENT LAST NIGHT -- (HE IS ABOUT TO DESCRIBE A MAN BEING THROWN INTO A PILE IF JUST BY NO APPARENT MEANS...!)
TRUSCOTT: AYE?

KEVIN: (LAHELY) Last night the mandarin wasn't there.

TRUSCOTT: No mandarin

KEVIN: That's right. All the other times, the mandarin was there

TRUSCOTT: Right, lad. Now you tell me all about this mandarin

(AS HE LEANS FORWARD TO LEAN HIS ELBOWS ON THE DESK, CUT:)

~~INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. DAY.~~

(THE TIME OF DAY WILL NOT MATTER MUCH HERE FOR THE ROOM IS UNDERGROUND, AND THE COMPLEX OF WHICH IT IS A PART FUNCTIONS ALL ROUND THE CLOCK.)

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY.

(IN BOB THE CARVED AND PAINTED FEATURES OF A CHINESE MANDARIN, HARSH AND SINISTER IN ITS CARICATURED JOVIALITY. AS WE PULL BACK WE SEE THE MANDARIN IS A MECHANISED FIGURE OUTSIDE A HOUSE-OF-FUN ATTRACTION. THE LOOP OF MANIC LAUGHTER DOES NOTHING TO ALLEVIATE THE UN-INTENTIONAL THREAT OF THE FIGURE.

THE DOCTOR IS EXAMINING THE FIGURE AS CLOSELY AS HE CAN FROM HIS POSITION WITHOUT ACTUALLY CLIMBING UP TO THE THE THING - AND EXAMINING IT WITH SOME SUSPICION)

PERI: Is that laughter supposed to be jolly ?

DOCTOR: Depends on your sense of humor I suppose

(HE CONTINUES HIS EXAMINATION.)

PERI: What are you looking for ?

DOCTOR: Nothing ... He just reminds of someone I once knew...or rather, something... Nasty little pet of a fellow called Magnus Gree - but that was about a hundred years ago ...

PERI: Then he'd be a very old pet now ...

DOCTOR: Yes, that was the idea, rather (BREAKS) This is no place for gloomy thoughts ! Onwards !

(AND HE SWEEPS OFF, PERI FOLLOWING. GO BACK TO THE MANDARIN, STILL LAUGHING RAUCOUSLY)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE ROOM IS, OF COURSE, WINDOWLESS, AND
A MIXTURE OF HEAVY CHINOISE BAROQUE SET
AGAINST HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT.)

WE START ON A V.D.U. SCREEN
SET INTO THE WALL. THE PICTURE
IS OF THE MANDARIN FIGURE,
STILL LAUGHING. PULL BACK AGAIN,
THOUGH THIS TIME TO SHOW,

→ SEATED IN A LARGE CARVER, MATCHING A LARGE
CHINOISE DESK, ~~IS~~ ^{REAL} A MANDARIN. WE SHALL KNOW
HIM, OF COURSE, AS THE CELESTIAL TOYMAKER.
HIS HAND IS ON A LARGE OBSCURE CRYSTAL BALL,
MOUNTED ON THE DESK. AS HE MOVES HIS HAND,
SO THE PICTURE ON THE VIEWING SCREEN SET INTO
THE WALL OPPOSITE HIM ALTERS - A HIGH, WANDERING
ANGLE, STARTING TO ZOOM IN. SETTling,
EVENTUALLY, ~~HAVING DISCOVERED~~ ^{ON} THE DOCTOR AND
PERI, STANDING IN THE QUEUE WAITING FOR THE
BIGGEST OF THE SWITCHBACK RIDES TO BEGIN
BOARDING. THERE IS NO SOUND ON THE PICTURE,
BUT THE TOYMAKER TAKES HIS HAND AWAY FROM THE
BALL AND LEANS FORWARD SLIGHTLY TO STUDY THE
PICTURE BETTER. A SMILE SLOWLY STARTS ACROSS
HIS FACE....)

EXT. FUNFAIR. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR, IN BETWEEN DIALOGUE AS WELL,
REGARDS THE GIANT CANDY FLOSS HE IS HOLDING
WITH SOMETHING APPROACHING SUSPICION ...
PERI SEEMS TO HARBOUR NO SUCH MISGIVINGS ABOUT
THE ICE-CREAM CONE SHE IS DEVOURING ...
THEY MOVE FORWARD, SLOWLY, WITH THE QUEUE.)

PERI: I thought it might come in
handy ...

DOCTOR: You were right (SLIGHT PAUSE)
Where did you say you found it?

PERI: In a sporan in the cloakroom
I nearly brought that as well, but it
wouldn't go with this outfit -

DOCTOR: Good Heavens! It must be Jamie's. And he was always so careful with his cash

PERI: He won't mind, will he?

DOCTOR: No, not for an emergency.

(HE BEAMS ROUND, TAKING IN THE HOLIDAYMAKERS.)

Where else can I go in the Universe to have a bit of innocent fun, I ask you?

PERI: Well, there's always -

DOCTOR: Too dull!

PERI: Atlantic City?

DOCTOR: Totally uninspired ...

PERI: Disneyland?

DOCTOR: In a hundred years or so. Give it time to settle. This is the place for a holiday I could never understand all those sea-and-sand places you were talking about... taking a bath in Sodium Chloride then wallowing on a bed of mica crystals. Extraordinary way to behave. Add to that long term exposure to ultra-violet and you go a long way towards explaining the basic irrationality of the Human Race

PERI: You talk as though you wanted to come here ...

DOCTOR: I did, once I was here.

(HE TAKES THE PLUNGE AND NIBBLES AT THE CANDY FLOSS.)

PERI: Your attitude towards self-determination could be called pragmatic...

DOCTOR: Is there any other sort of self-determination? It was a malfunction. That's all.

PERI: That's all? We get yanked half way across the Milky Way and that's all?

DOCTOR: ^{I TRIED TO GIVE YOU A REAL HOLIDAY, BUT HERE WE ARE} ~~WE ARE YOU'RE VERY HARD TO PLEASE.~~
I thought you'd like it.

PERI: I do! But this is not the centre of the Universe, is it?

(DOCTOR LOOKS AROUND.)

DOCTOR: Well it's close ...

PERI: A space-time vortex, you said.

DOCTOR: It was, yes ...

PERI: So strong it could be only at the centre of the Danger Zone, you said -

DOCTOR: It had all the appearances

PERI: "The Primeval Cauldron of Space-Time itself" were the exact words you used ...

*Sent and
find a
Jab
to*

DOCTOR: That's a very apt turn of phrase!

PERI: For this!!

(SHE MAKES A SWEEPING GESTURE TO TAKE IN THE OTHER ATTRACTIONS OF THE BLACKPOOL AMUSEMENT PARK)

SEE THE DOCTOR'S - SLIGHT - DISCOMFORT.
HE TAKES ANOTHER NIBBLE AT THE CANDY-FLOSS.)

INT. POLICE STATION INTERVIEW ROOM. DAY.

(AS BEFORE)

TRUSCOTT: ... and my oppo in the uniformed branch has organised almost twenty additional foot patrols on your ... information. Now, that's a helluva lot of police time, lad. And we found nothing.

KEVIN: There was nothing going on the nights your coppers were out -

TRUSCOTT: Not even once, no. No flashing lights, no mandarins, no red giants. They're a clever lot, aren't they ...

(HIS PATIENCE, HOWEVER SARCASTIC, IS AT AN END. HE HARDENS.)

You were warned off making more reports of sighting your brother at that fair. (WITH HEAVY EMPHASIS:) We are not a missing persons bureau. Your brother is over sixteen years and has committed no crime that we are aware of. You will stop wasting police time -

(HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND AS KEVIN STARTS TO PROTEST.)

TRUSCOTT:(CONT'D) - and if you find yourself in that Park one more time "on your way home from a party", I shall view it very seriously indeed. So seriously that I might forget my professional detachment and personally throw the flaming book at you. Do I make myself clear?

(KEVIN RISES)

KEVIN: Can I go now?

TRUSCOTT: Aye, you can go. I hope you find your brother, son, and if you do, that's the next and last time I ever want to see you, alright?

KEVIN: Alright, aye.

(AND HE GOES TO THE DOOR.)

TRUSCOTT: But lad,

(KEVIN STOPS AND TURNS)

You spot any more Red Giants, you send 'em along to Preston North End - they can do wi' all the help they can get

(THIS TIME HE DOES NOT REBUKE THE CONSTABLE'S CHORTLE, AND KEVIN ANGRILY EXITS.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. DAY.

(THE TOYMAKER IS AT HIS DESK, WRITING ON

A PIECE OF PARCHMENT-LIKE PAPER IN SYMBOLS, OR QUASI HIEROGLYPHICS WITH A QUILL PEN... THE DOORS OPEN AND STEFAN COMES IN. STEFAN IS MID THIRTIES AND SATURNINE, DRESSED IN A DARK SUIT WITH A BLACK POLO-NECK SWEATER. HE APPROACHES THE DESK AND ADDRESSES THE TOYMAKER. HE BOWS SLIGHTLY FROM THE WAIST BEFORE HE SPEAKS.)

STEFAN: My Lord, the spacecraft is like no other we have seen. In truth, it seems hardly a spacecraft at all, but there is nothing else at the co-ordinates you gave us. I could detect no propulsion units, and no aerofoils, and no means of access. I have set the barrier around it, as you instructed. Of the occupants, there is no sign

TOYMAKER: We have them, I believe, Stefan. The bio-data will soon confirm his identity.

(HIS HAND MOVES TO THE CRYSTAL BALL, AND THE WALL SCREEN COMES TO LIFE. THE SCREEN IS FILLED WITH THE DOCTOR'S BEAMING FACE AS HE WAITS FOR THE RISE TO START. THE CAMERA TILTS DOWN HIS BODY AND ALONG HIS ARMS TO SEE HIS FINGERS GRIPPING THE SAFETY BAR TIGHTLY.)

(SOFTLY) Doctor.....?

EXT. SWITCHBACK RISE. DAY.

DOCTOR: Yes?

PERI: What?

DOCTOR: ^{STEFAN} You ~~called me~~?

PERI: No I didn't.

DOCTOR: Excellent.

(THE CAR JERKS FORWARD.)

Aaah-ha!

(THE RIDE BEGINS.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX. DAY.

(A CORRIDOR - MODERN IN CONSTRUCTION, AND WELL-LIT. THE WHOLE COMPLEX HAS BEEN BUILT UNDERNEATH THE FUN FAIR, UTILISING SOME EXISTING OLD TUNNELS, AVOIDING OTHERS, SO ODD ANGLES AND CORNERS ARE TO BE EXPECTED. SHARDLOW COMES OUT OF ONE OF THE DOORS AS STEFAN ROUNDS THE CORNER. SHARDLOW IS AGED AND EXTREMELY FEARFUL OF ANYTHING THAT MOVES. STEFAN MOVES. SHARDLOW WALKS WITH A PRONOUNCED LIMP, ALMOST DRAGGING THE OFFENDING FOOT BEHIND HIM. AT THE MOMENT HE IS CARRYING A WATER PITCHER. HE HURRIES, AS MUCH AS HE CAN, PAST STEFAN, EYES AVERTED.)

STEFAN: Shardlow!

(SHARDLOW TURNS, ABJECT)

SHARDLOW: Sir?

STEFAN: Shouldn't you be looking after dinner?

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SHARDLOW: I was just preparing the guest room. sir

STEFAN: We have other guests, Shardlow. I imagine they're getting hungry.

SHARDLOW: Yes, sir.

(HE MOVES OFF)

STEFAN: And hurry, man! You know how jealous our Lord is of his reputation for hospitality!

SHARDLOW: Yes, sir. Immediately, sir.

(AS MUCH AS HE CAN, HE INCREASES HIS PACE. STEFAN LAUGHS, BUT IT COMES OUT AS A DRY AND SINGULARLY UNATTRACTIVE CACKLE)

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY.

(KEVIN WALKS QUICKLY THROUGH THE MAIN ENTRANCE, MOVING PAST CAMERA PURPOSEFULLY ... HE AVERTS HIS FACE AND QUICKENS HIS PACE FURTHER AS HE PASSES A UNIFORMED P.C.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX. DAY.

(SHARDLOW SHUFFLES INTO VIEW. HE CARRIES A MEDIUM SIZE PAIL IN ONE HAND. IT IS THREE-QUARTERS FULL OF RAW MEAT. THE CORRIDOR IS PART MODERN, BUT GIVES WAY RAPIDLY TO A MORE ANCIENT BRICK AND MORTAR APPEARANCE - AT LEAST VICTORIAN, PERHAPS MUCH OLDER. THE OLDEST SECTION HAS THREE

STOUT DOORS LET INTO THE WALL - EACH HAS
A BARRED GRILLE ABOUT A FOOT SQUARE IN THE
TOP AND BOTTOM THIRDS OF IT. SHARDLOW STOPS
AT THE DOWNSTAGE ONE - THIS HAS A METAL SHELF
BELOW THE BOTTOM GRILL ALSO. HE GINGERLY
PLACES A PILE OF MEAT ON THE SHELF, AND THEN,
EVEN MORE GINGERLY, RAISES THE GRILLE LIKE
A MINIATURE PORTCULLIS. A GIANT CLAW COMES
THROUGH THE OPENING, TAKES A HUNK OF MEAT,
AND WITHDRAWS)

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE. DAY.

(A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN IS LOOKING AROUND, NOT
YET FRANTICALLY, BUT WITH EVIDENT CONCERN.
SHE SPEAKS WITH A SCOTTISH ACCENT....)

WOMAN: Tyrone? Tyrone?

(A COUPLE OF THE PEOPLE AT THE GAMES MACHINES
CAN LOOK AROUND AS SHE CALLS, BUT THEY SOON
GO BACK TO THEIR GAMES)

INT. ARCADE BACK-ROOM. DAY.

(TYRONE, A YOUTH OF FIFTEEN OR SIXTEEN IS
HELD ON AN UPRIGHT OSTEOPATHS' TYPE OF COUCH,
HIS JACKET OFF AND HIS RIGHT SHIRTSLEEVE
ROLLED UP. ONE OF THE THREE FIGURES IN THE
ROOM BRINGS A REFLECTOR AROUND TO ASSIST
IN USING THE OPHTHALMOSCOPE ON TYRONE'S OPEN
AND UNSEEING EYES ANOTHER MAKES READY
A KIDNEY DISH WITH A SYRETTE, STILL AT THE
MOMENT IN ITS STERILE PACKING)

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY. (ROLLER-COASTER)

(START WITH THE DOCTOR'S FACE FILLING THE SCREEN. HE IS BEAMING HUGELY STILL, AND WE CUT TO SEE THE CAR PLUNGE DOWN ANOTHER RUINOUS DECLINE. NB. WE NEED TO SEE THE DOCTOR'S FACE IN THIS "BEAM MODE" ONLY IN BCU - BOTH STOCK SHOTS AND DOUBLES CAN BE USED FOR HOWEVER MUCH OF THE ROLLER-COASTER RIDE IS DEEMED NECESSARY. SIMILAIRLY WITH PERI, WHO IS, HOWEVER, RATHER MORE FLEXIBLE, INDEED GRAPHIC, IN HER RESPONSES AS SOON AS WE HAVE FOLLOWED THE RIDE AS MUCH AS WE WANT TO, LET THE CAR DRIFT SLOWLY AND SAFELY INTO ITS STATIONARY POSITION. GIVE PERI TIME TO CATCH HER BREATH, THEN:)

PERI: Phew! That was fun! I really enjoyed that! Wha-

(SHE SEES THAT THE DOCTOR IS IMMOBILE, THE BEAM FROZEN, UNCHANGED ON HIS FACE.)

Doctor -

(HIS ONLY RESPONSE, STILL MANICALLY BEAMING, IS A STRANGLED GARGLE OF A NOISE.)

Doctor - are you alright?

(ANOTHER STRANGLED NOISE, BUT AT LEAST THIS TIME THE EYES MOVE. JERKILY AND ONLY SLIGHTLY, IT MUST BE SAID, BUT SIGNS OF LIFE. PERI TOUCHES HIS ARM AND THE TRANCE BREAKS. HE TAKES A GREAT DEEP BREATH)

DOCTOR: I have never, in any of my lives ... I left at least one of my hearts at the bottom of that first dip I have shot

DOCTOR:(CONT'D) through black holes I have sailed through super novae but never, never

(FOR ONCE, HE SEEMS ALMOST LOST FOR WORDS.)

PERI: I really enjoyed it ...

DOCTOR: Enjoyed it? Enjoyed it?!
it was magnificent ...

PERI: Shall we go round again?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS AT HER, RATHER WILDLY)

DOCTOR: in a while ... yes, in time, we will (HE NODS VIGOROUSLY)
.....

(DURING THIS THEY HAVE LEFT THE CAR, AND THE WALKWAY, AND NOW LEAVE THE RIDE.)

INT. DATAROOM

(WHICH IS, IN FACT, ANOTHER PART OF THE COMPLEX. UTTERLY DISSIMILIAR TO THE REST, HOWEVER, FOR THIS COULD BE PART OF A VERY WELL FUNDED GOVERNMENT RESEARCH DIVISION. IMPRESSIVE MAIN-FRAME CABINETS, COMPUTER TERMINALS, SPOTLESS DESKS AND TABLES, ALL MANNED BY FIGURES, MEN AND WOMEN, IN WHITE LABORATORY COATS, PROBABLY FOUR OR FIVE IN NUMBER. STEFAN IS AT ONE OF THE CHATTERING PRINTERS, WAITING FOR IT TO FINISH. WHEN IT DOES SO, ALMOST IMMEDIATELY, HE TEARS THE SHEET OFF AND WALKS OVER TO THE TOYMAKER. WITH A SMALL BOW HE HANDS THE SHEET TO HIM.)

INT. DATAROOM. DAY.

(ANOTHER PART OF THE TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX, THIS IS
UTTERLY DISSIMILAR TO THE REST. IT COULD BE
PART OF A WELL-FUNDED GOVERNMENT RESEARCH DIVISION.
IMPRESSIVE MAINFRAME COMPUTER CABINETS, VDTs,
PRINTERS AND ROLL TRAILERS ABOUND, ALL MANNED
BY SPOTLESS MEN AND WOMEN IN LABORATORY COATS
- AT LEAST FIVE OR SIX.

A BANK OF VDUs SHOW VARIOUS ANGLES OF THE AMUSEMENT
PARK (A COUPLE CAN BE STILLS) ONE OF WHICH WILL
SHOW THE SUBJECT BEING MONITORED - THE DOCTOR...
MONTAGE OF THE DOCTOR AND PERI ENJOYING THEMSELVES
ENORMOUSLY ON THE VARIOUS ATTRACTIONS OF THE
AMUSEMENT PARK - COMING OUT THROUGH THE FLAP
DOORS OF THE GHOST TRAIN; SCOOTING AROUND THE
ELECTRIC CAR RACE TRACK; SHOOTING AROUND UPSIDE
DOWN ON THE LOOP-THE-LOOP; SPINNING MADLY ON
THE OCTOPUS ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR IN
ALL ITS STOMACH WRENCHING VARIETY.

INTERCUT ONCE TO SHOW THE LAB. COATS UNHURRIEDLY
MONITORING IN THE CALM DETACHMENT OF THE DATA-
ROOM

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI WALKING AWAY FROM THE OCTOPUS
RIDE -THE DOCTOR VERY MUCH MORE BRISKLY THAN
PERI.)

PERI: Doctor ! Doctor!

(HE TURNS UNCERTAINLY, THEN SEES THAT THIS TIME
PERI REALLY IS CALLING HIM.)

Can we sit down for a minute..

(HE GESTURES BACK AT THE OCTOPUS)

DOCTOR: You've been sitting down all day !

PERI: I mean, just sit !

DOCTOR: Where's the fun in that ? Come on

(AND OFF HE STRIDES, SHE FOLLOWING WEARILY ...)

INT. DATAROOM. DAY.

(STEFAN AND THE TOYMAKER HAVE JOINED THE LAB.COATS
STEFAN IS WAITING FOR ONE OF THE PRINTERS TO
FINISH CHATTERING. WHEN IT DOES SO HE TEARS THE
SHEET OFF AND WALKS OVER TO THE TOYMAKER, PRESENTING
THE PRINTOUT TO HIM WITH A SMALL BOW....)

(ONTO P 18)

DOCTOR: What? Who is it ...?

PERI: Are you alright?

(HE SPINS AGAIN)

Did the ride spin your head too
much ...

DOCTOR: It's a man's voice. Stupid of
me. But it's clearer now.

PERI: What man?

(BUT THE DOCTOR'S OFF, WALKING AWAY AT FIRST
TENTATIVELY, THEN WITH INCREASED CERTAINTY.
PERI FOLLOWS HIM.

HE TURNS A FEW CORNERS, ROUNDING A FEW OF
THE STANDS OR RIDES AND THEN WALKS SLOWLY
TOWARDS THE AMUSEMENT ARCADE.)

INT. AMUSEMENT ARCADE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS, CAUTIOUSLY. HE LOOKS
AT THE PLAYERS, BUSY, FIXED BY THEIR GAMES.
HE COCKS HIS HEAD QUIZZICALLY, BUT WHATEVER
HE WAS HEARING EARLIER IS LIKELY TO BE DROWNED
OUT BY THE WOMAN, REMONSTRATING WITH THE
ARCADE MANAGER:)

WOMAN: He was right by me! I just went
up to get some more change from you man there

(SHE POINTS AT THE CHANGE BOOTH)

And when I turned round, he'd
gone ...

(WE SEE KEVIN, IN THE BACKGROUND, TAKE A KEEN INTEREST IN WHAT'S GOING ON.)

MANAGER: Look, love. We get all kinds of kids in here. If they're under sixteen and un-accompanied, out they go. He could've said he was with his ma, couldn't he?

WOMAN: He wouldnae go just wanderin'. He's daft, but he's no that daft -

DOCTOR: There's something wrong here
.....

PERI: What? That poor lady's lost her child, that's what's wrong -

DOCTOR: No, something else ... The whole place ... the whole feel of it

(KEVIN REGISTERS THIS, WITH A SHOCK.)

PERI: You turning psychic, or something?

DOCTOR: Psychic? You don't turn psychic. You are or you aren't. Unfortunately, I'm not. Not much, anyway.

(TYRONE, PALE AND DIZZY COMES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE DOOR. HIS MOTHER SOPTS HIM AND SWOOPS.)

WOMAN: Tyrone! Where've you been? I've been going out of ma mind!

(TYRONE CAN'T, OR WON'T, SPEAK. HE JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD AND LOOKS AS THOUGH HE'S GOING TO BE SICK ... HE ISN'T. NOT ON THE SET, ANYWAY...)

WOMAN:(CONT'D) It's all them toffee apples!
That an' the fizzy drinks ... and this place....
Your da'll be that mad when I get you home
...

(SHE TURNS TO THE MANAGER)

Oh, I'm that sorry, mister.
He's alright now, aren't you, Tyrone?

(TYRONE MOVES HIS HEAD. IT COULD BE A NOD.)

PERI:(TURNS TO DOCTOR) That's alright, then.

(THE DOCTOR IS NOT LISTENING. NOT TO PERI,
ANYWAY. HE TURNS HIS HEAD THIS WAY AND THAT
AS THOUGH TRYING TO LISTEN TO A FAINT SOUND.
THEN, SUDDENLY, HE TURNS SHARPLY.)

DOCTOR: You didn't hear that?

PERI: Hear what?

DOCTOR: Someone calling my name.

PERI: No, nothing.

DOCTOR: Not a loudspeaker, then. A psi
broadcast? Impossibly narrow band Old-
fashioned telepathy, then. But, so clear,
so direct, so expert -

(HE OBVIOUSLY HEARS IT AGAIN. TO PERI:)

Come on!

(HE GOES OUT, SHE FOLLOWING. AND KEVIN
FOLLOWING BOTH OF THEM.)

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARRY. (EXT. ARCADE)

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI COME OUT OF THE AMUSEMENT ARCADE. THE DOCTOR IS OBVIOUSLY FOLLOWING SOME AUDIO-SCENT, FOR HE GOES FORWARD, STOPS, GOES FORWARD AGAIN, VEERS RIGHT OR LEFT - WERE IT NOT FOR THE SENSE OF PURPOSE, AND THE POSITIVE DIRECTIONS HE TAKES, IT WOULD LOOK DISTINCTLY ODD. AS IT IS IT LOOKS SLIGHTLY ODD ...)

*how he is
sensible to
up or down*

KEVIN FOLLOWS THEM AT A DISTANCE, REGARDING THEM NOT WITH AMUSEMENT OR DISBELIEF, BUT QUITE INTENTLY HE STOPS AS THEY DO, FAIRLY CLOSE TO THEM, AS THEY ALL THREE LOOK UP AT THE LOOMING, ALMOST SINISTER SILHOUETTE AGAINST THE SKY, OF "SPACE MOUNTAIN"

INT. TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX. DAY.

(THE TOYMAKER IS WATCHING, AS ARE THE OTHERS, THE TRIO OUTSIDE "SPACE MOUNTAIN", ON THE SAME SORT OF WALL SCREEN AS WE SAW IN HIS ROOM.)

TOYMAKER: This is almost too easy. Time has done nothing to sharpen his wits, after all

STEFAN: You know him, Lord?

TOYMAKER: Oh yes, Stefan. The Doctor and I are old friends

STEFAN: I shall prepare to greet him, Lord.

(TOYMAKER TURNS TO HIM, SMILING BROADLY)

STEFAN: Two hearts, Lord

TOYMAKER: I was rather hoping there would
be match the DNA and RNA profiles, please.

(ONE OF THE TECHNICIANS MANIPULATES ONE OF
THE COMPUTER TERMINALS. A WALL VDU SHOWS
NUCLEIC ACID HELIXES, AND, AFTER A SHORT
PAUSE, ONE IS SUPERIMPOSED UPON THE OTHER.
A PERFECT FIT.)

A little older, probably no wiser,
but certainly the same Time Lord It's
good to see you again

(SOFTLY AGAIN)

Doctor

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK. DAY.

DOCTOR: Yes?

PERI: What?

DOCTOR: You did it again!

PERI: Did what?

DOCTOR: Called my name -

PERI: I did no such thing!

(HE IS ABOUT TO ARGUE WITH HER FURIOUSLY,
BUT AS HE IS LOOKING AT HER, HE OBVIOUSLY
HEARS THE CALL AGAIN, FOR HE SPINS AROUND.)

TOYMAKER: Do that Stefan. Make everything ready. I have waited centuries for this.....

EXT. AMUSEMENT PARK: (EXT. "SPACE MOUNTAIN")

(AS THE DOCTOR REGARDS THE MASS OF THE RIDE WITH SOME SUSPICION AND APPREHENSION:)

PERI: Oh no.....

(THE DOCTOR MOVES TOWARDS THE RIDE AND STOPS. PERI FOLLOWS HIM.)

Can you still hear it?

DOCTOR: Not now.

PERI: What sort of voice is it?

DOCTOR: Siren song. Maybe I should lash myself to the mast ...

PERI: Where does it come from, this voice?

DOCTOR: That is what I'm trying to discover.

PERI: But where ... I mean, where exactly was the last call from?

DOCTOR: About where we're standing, I'd say.

(PERI LOOKS NERVOUSLY AROUND)

See anything?

PERI: I'm not looking that hard
.....

(THE DOCTOR IS, ALL THE TIME, LOOKING AROUND.)

DOCTOR:(SHRUGS) Nothing else for it, is there?

(THEY MOVE TO THE RIDE ENTRANCE, BUY THEIR TICKETS AND GO INSIDE. KEVIN HESITATES, THEN HURRIES TO DO THE SAME.)

INT. "SPACE MOUNTAIN". DAY.

(THE DOCTOR AND PERI BOTH CLIMB THE SEVERAL RAMPS INSIDE THE STRUCTURE. THE MUSIC CLIMBS WITH THEM. THE DOCTOR BEHAVES AS THOUGH SOMEONE - OR SOMETHING - IS WAITING FOR HIM BEHIND EVERY CORNER, AS WELL IT MIGHT BE
.....

EVENTUALLY THEY ARRIVE AT THE RIDE PLATFORM. AS THEY WAIT TO MOVE FORWARD TO THEIR CAR, KEVIN ARRIVES, AND IS FORCED TO STAND NEAR THEM. AS PERI IS ABOUT TO BOARD THE DOCTOR APPEARS TO HEAR THE VOICE AGAIN, FOR HE SPINS ASIDE AND TAKES A COUPLE OF STEPS FORWARD.

THE ATTENDANT, SEEING A MATCHED COUPLE IN PERI AND KEVIN, USHERS THEM TO THEIR SEATS. PERI IS ABOUT TO PROTEST, AS IS KEVIN, BUT THERE SEEMS NOTHING TO PROTEST AT. THE DOCTOR HESITATES, LOOKING AROUND AGAIN, AS THOUGH HE'S LOST HIS WAY. HE STARTS TO MOVE FORWARD TO JOIN PERI. THE ATTENDANT STOPS HIM. PERI'S CAR IS STARTING TO MOVE. SHE LOOKS AROUND. FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE DOORS GUARDING THE RIDE, WE, AND PERI, HEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME THE ASPIRATE VOICE THE DOCTOR

HAS BEEN HEARING ALL ALONG. IT IS, OF COURSE, THE SAME VOICE WE AND STEFAN HEARD IN THE DATA ROOM, BUT NOW VERY MUCH MORE POWERFUL, THREATENING)

VOICE: Doctor.....!

(PERI LOOKS AROUND AGAIN AT THE DOCTOR, REGISTERING THAT SHE HAS HEARD THE VOICE ALSO, ALTHOUGH NONE OF THE OTHER PASSENGERS IN HER CAR SEEM TO HAVE. THE CAR MOVES OFF AT GREATER SPEED, AND VANISHES THROUGH THE DOORS.

THE DOCTOR LOOKS AFTER HER, SOMEWHAT WILDLY. HE TAKES A STEP OR TWO, BUT IS STOPPED BY THE ATTENDANT.)

ATTENDANT: No worry, sir. There's another car here...

(SMILING, HE HELPS THE DOCTOR INTO THE WAITING CAR - THE MIDSECTION OF IT - AND BRINGS THE SAFETY BAR FORWARD, ESSENTIALLY LOCKING THE DOCTOR IN. TO THE DOCTOR'S ASTONISHMENT, AND THAT OF ANY OTHER WAITING PASSENGERS, THE CAR MOVES FORWARD IMMEDIATELY, WITH THE DOCTOR AS THE ONLY PASSENGER ... THE DOCTOR LOOKS FRANTICALLY BACK AT THE ATTENDANT, WHO SMILES AGAIN, THIS TIME IRONICALLY, AND GIVES A WAVE OF "BON VOYAGE". THE CAR DISAPPEARS THROUGH THE FLAP-DOORS....

INT: "SPACE MOUNTAIN" RIDE. NIGHT.

WE NEED, AND WE CAN ONLY SEE ANYWAY, THE PART OF THE RIDE IMMEDIATELY ON THE RIDE SIDE OF THE FLAP DOORS - THE REST OF THE RIDE

IS IN PITCH DARKNESS.

WE HAVE JUST ENOUGH TIME TO SEE THE DOCTOR
STRUGGLING WITH THE SAFETY BAR, AND, OF
COURSE, UNABLE TO BUDGE IT, AS THE CAR COMES
TOWARDS US. THEN THE FRONT SECTION OF THE
CAR DIPS OUT OF THE BOTTOM OF THE SHOT AND
THE DOCTOR HAS JUST ENOUGH TIME TO REGISTER
HIS HORROR AS HE ALSO GOES THE SAME WAY.
WE ARE LEFT WITH A BLACK SCREEN AND ONLY
THE RUSHING SOUND OF THE CAR'S WHEELS, MINGLED
WITH THE SCREAMS OF THE PRECEDING PASSENGERS
AS WE CUT:)

INT. DATA ROOM. DAY.

(THE WALL SCREEN SHOWS THE CAR CONTAINING
PERI AND KEVIN DISEMBARKING AT THE PLATFORM.
PERI WAITS, NOT GOING OUT WITH THE REST OF
THE CROWD. PRE-OCCUPIED WITH LOOKING OUT
FOR THE NEXT - THE DOCTOR'S - CAR, SHE FAILS
TO NOTE KEVIN, HOVERING CONSPICUOUSLY WITH
HER.)

STEFAN: Like pieces on a board,
my Lord, you plot their every move exactly.

TOYMAKER: Their predictability makes
for a dull game, I fear ...

(SMILES BROADLY)

 But then, they still don't
know they're playing, do they ...?

STEFAN: What instructions shall
I give on the girl, Lord?

TOYMAKER: We must wait, mustn't we
... she will make her way to us soon, with
that tiresome young man in attendance ...

(ON THE SCREEN, PERI, AFTER SOME HESITANCY,
MAKES HER WAY OVER TO THE ATTENDANT, PUSHING
PAST THE PASSENGERS HE IS SHEPHERDING ONTO
THE NEXT CAR. KEVIN IS NOT FAR BEHIND HER...)

INT. TUNNEL. NIGHT.

(ONLY JUST ALLOWING HEAD-HEIGHT, THE TUNNEL
IS IN BRICK, ANOTHER ADAPTATION OF VICTORIAN
WORKS. THE DOCTOR WALKS ALONG, A GUARD IN
FRONT AND A GUARD BEHIND. AS "GUARDS" THEY
ARE NOT DRESSED IN UNIFORM AS SUCH, RATHER
IN MECHANICS ONE PIECE OVERALLS, BUT THE
PISTOL EACH CARRIES LEAVES LITTLE DOUBT AS
TO THEIR FUNCTION.)

DOCTOR: ... and efficient though
any service area might be, I do think you
ought to consider improving your braking
system once you've branched the line. I
very nearly flew over the handlebars, you
know ...

(HE STOPS. THEY STOP WITH HIM.)

 And that's another thing -
those safety bars have got rather nasty
little bumps on the top - same on that
wonderful roller-coaster thing - now they
might well enhance the design features -

(INTEREST IN HIS DESIGN THEORY SEEMS LIMITED.)

FOR THE GUARD AT THE REAR SIMPLY PRODS HIM WITH
SOME FORCE WITH HIS PISTOL UNTIL HE STUMBLES
ON AGAIN.)

DOCTOR:(CCNT'D) Did I ever tell you about
my design theory?
(NO RESPONSE)

It mainly concerns the fluid
lines provoked by the ergonomic imperatives
....

INT. "SPACE MOUNTAIN" PASSENGER PLATFORM. DAY.

(PERI IS SPEAKING TO THE BY NOW HARASSED
ATTENDANT.)

PERI: People don't just disappear!

ATTENDANT: That's what I've been telling
you lass. ~~There's no way anyone can get off
this ride between there -~~
You > BEST - /

(HE IS ABOUT TO SAY "HAVE A
WORD WITH SECURITY, WHEN KEVIN
CHIPS, QUITE SPURIOUSLY:)

~~(HE POINTS TO THE DOORS INTO THE RIDE)~~

~~and there ...~~

~~(HE POINTS TO THE DOORS COMING FROM THE RIDE)~~

~~How is there?~~

KEVIN: I think we'd better go to
the police.

ATTENDANT: Who the hell are you?

KEVIN: A friend, that's all.

(THIS OF COURSE COMES AS SOME NEWS TO PERI.)

KEVIN:(CONT'D) If you won't take this seriously, we'll find someone who will -

ATTENDANT: ~~Alright, alright~~ Lock, LASS, ~~I'm up to my ears in it here.~~ You go and talk to the Security Department. They've got the authority. Through that door there and second on the right.

(KEVIN TAKES PERI'S ARM, AND THEY WALK TOWARDS THE FIRE DOOR AT THE END OF THE PLATFORM.)

INT. CORRIDOR. "SPACE MOUNTAIN". DAY.

(THE MOMENT THE DOOR CLOSSES BEHIND THEM:)

PERI:(TO KEVIN) Well, who are you, my "friend"?

SECURITY MAN: A right pain in the neck, that's who.

(HE IS WALKING TOWARDS THEM, FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER BOILER SUIT. BOTH HAVE PISTOLS.)

We'd better take you somewhere and have your complaint dealt with, hadn't we?

INT. DATA ROOM. DAY.

(THE FIRST GUARD, FOLLOWED BY THE DOCTOR AND THE OTHER GUARD, COMES THROUGH A NARROW DOOR IN THE WALL, BACKED BY THE SAME BRICK

AS THE TUNNEL AND INTO THE ROOM.)

DOCTOR: I say! How much is it to go on these?

(HE STARTS FORWARD AND IS IMMEDIATELY RESTRAINED BY THE GUARDS.)

STEFAN: Take him to his quarters. Our Lord is not yet ready to receive him.

DOCTOR: Your Lord! That's either very religious or very subservient, and you don't look the religious type ...

(STEFAN MAKES AN IMPATIENT GESTURE AND THE GUARDS CART THE DOCTOR OFF)

(AS HE GOES) Steady on, no offence meant -

INT. CORRIDOR. DAY.

(OF DIFFERENT CONSTRUCTION - THIS CORRIDOR SHOULD DEVELOP INTO A TUNNEL, OF MODERN MATERIALS IT CONNECTS THE SPACE MOUNTAIN RIDE WITH THE OTHER PARTS OF THE TOYMAKER'S DOMAIN. KEVIN AND PERI ARE WALKING AHEAD OF THEIR TWO GUARDS.)

KEVIN: ... and this mob are obviously behind the whole thing. If it's this well organised, no wonder the police didn't find anything.

PERI: I think we'll do better than that, though what we're going to do with what we do find

SECURITY MAN: Cut the cackle and get a
move on!!

INT. TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX. DAY.

(THE LOWER CORRIDOR WE SAW EARLIER, AT FEEDING
TIME. AT FIRST IT SEEMS THE DOCTOR IS DESTINED
TO SHARE QUARTERS WITH THE OWNER OF THE CLAW,
BUT THE GUARDS HUSTLE HIM PAST THAT DOOR
AND OPEN THE NEXT, SHOVING HIM IN AND LOCKING
THE DOOR BEHIND HIM. THEY GO.)

INT. CELL. DAY.

(THE CELL IS MUCH LIKE THE REST OF THE CELLAR,
BUT NOT MUCH BIGGER THAN A PRISON CELL, SAY
10' x 6', THE WALLS OF DAMP BRICK AND THE
FLOOR OF FLAGSTONES. THERE IS A TRUCKLE
BED AGAINST ONE WALL AND A LOW WATTAGE LIGHT
BULB HANGING FROM THE CEILING. THE DOCTOR
ENTERS, STUMBLING FROM THE SHOVE, AND HEARS
THE DOOR BEING LOCKED BEHIND HIM.)

DOCTOR: Prison cells! They're all the
same - made to keep little minds out!

(SATISFIED WITH THE PARANOIA OF THIS STATEMENT,
HE LOOKS AROUND, BRIEFLY.)

And big minds quite definitely
in

INT. CORRIDOR/TUNNEL. DAY.

(AS BEFORE, PERI AND KEVIN AND GUARDS. THE
CORRIDOR IS BECOMING A DEFINITE TUNNEL,

NARROWER AND MORE CONFINED. THEY PASS WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN IRON FIRE (OR FLOOD) DOOR, PEGGED OPEN, AND ARE INTO THE TUNNELS PROPER.)

INT. TUNNELS. DAY.

(GLOOMIER, DANKER, MORE IRREGULAR. A MODERN ELECTRIC CONDUIT RUNS ALONG THE WALL - SQUARE BOXED AND, AS THEY ROUND A CORNER, A SECTION OF IT IS DISMANTLED, WIRES DANGLING IN DISORDER, BENEATH IS AN ELECTRICIANS SERVICE TROLLEY - DEXION BUILT TO ACT AS A CUPBOARD AND WORKBENCH IN ONE - THE SORT OF THING TO BE FOUND ON BUILDING SITES. PERI HALF COLLAPSES AGAINST IT, SUPPORTING HERSELF HEAVILY ON ONE EDGE.)

PERI: It's no good, I can't breathe

(KEVIN GOES TO HER QUICKLY.)

SECURITY: What's up? Keep back, you -

(PERI WHIRLS ROUND, A SPANNER FROM THE TROLLEY IN HER HAND AND WHACKS HIS HAND WITH IT.

THE SECURITY MAN HOLLERS WITH PAIN AND STUMBLES, THE PISTOL FALLING FROM HIS FINGERS. KEVIN SCOOPS IT UP AND WITH ABSOLUTELY NO PREAMBLE, STARTS FIRING IT. THE NOISE IS HORRENDOUS, AND BY THE TIME HE'S FIRED THE FOURTH ROUND, EVERYONE IS DIVING FOR COVER - THE RICOCHETS ARE BOUNCING AROUND IN AN ALARMING FASHION. ARMS COVERING HEAD AND CROUCHED LOW, PERI IS ALREADY MAKING A RUN FOR IT, AND, AFTER THE BRIEFEST MOMENTS,

KEVIN SCOOTs AFTER HER. BOILERSUIT COMES PAST HIS INJURED PARTNER AND AIMS HIS PISTOL CAREFULLY AT THE FLEEING FIGURES.)

SECURITY MAN: No, you fool!

(TOO LATE - THE BOILERSUIT FIRES. SECURITY MAN RISES AND, WITH HIS GOOD HAND, DRAGS THE GUN ARM DOWN.)

They're not supposed to die!
Not yet!

INT. TUNNELS. DAY.

(KEVIN AND PERI ROUND ANOTHER BEND. WORK IS IN PROGRESS HERE ALSO, A HOLE IN THE TOP HALF OF THE TUNNEL WALL, A WHEELBARROW WITH BRICKS, BELOW. USING THIS AS COVER, KEVIN CROUCHES DOWN BEHIND IT, PERI HALF SITTING AGAINST THE TUNNEL WALL BY HIM. KEVIN KEEPS A CAREFUL EYE DOWN THE TUNNEL, THE ACQUIRED PISTOL POINTING IN THE SAME DIRECTION. THEY ARE BOTH BREATHING HEAVILY.)

PERI: You alright?

KEVIN: Yeah, it just nicked me. I've never been shot at before ...

(HE FINGERS THE TEAR IN HIS JACKET SLEEVE WONDERINGLY.)

PERI: Have you ever shot at someone else before?

KEVIN: No.

PERI: I didn't think so

KEVIN: I did fine - first time out -

PERI: You nearly shot everyone in sight
first time out

KEVIN: Don't knock it. It worked.

PERI: It did that. You want me to look
at your arm?

KEVIN: No, it's alright, really. Where
are they?

PERI: Thinking twice about coming round
that bend. So would I ... More to the point,
where's everyone else?

(SHE GESTURES TO THE WORKMENS' TOOLS AND
THE BARROW. THERE'S ENOUGH LIGHT FOR KEVIN
TO LOOK AT HIS WATCH. AS HE DOES SO, WE
SEE A THIN SMEAR OF BLOOD ON HIS HAND.)

KEVIN: Half past knocking off time.
Doesn't anyone do overtime any more?

PERI: We don't know who's side they'd
be on anyway.

KEVIN: That's true enough. You can bet
that lot (GESTURES BACK DOWN THE TUNNEL)
won't come on their own next time. We'd
better get on -

PERI: Down there?

(GESTURES DOWN THE TUNNEL.)

KEVIN: Not much choice, is there? Come on.

(AND HE LEADS HER OFF, KEEPING A CAREFUL EYE BEHIND THEM STILL ...)

INT. CELL. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR IS COMPLETING A VERY THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF HIS SURROUNDINGS - HE IS PEERING, UPSIDE DOWN UNDER THE BED. FINDING NOTHING, HE HAULS HIMSELF UPRIGHT ON THE BED, AND ROLLS OVER, HANDS BEHIND HIS HEAD, TO GAZE WITH SOME DISTASTE AT THE ALIEN MONITORING "CAMERA" HIGH IN THE TOP CORNER OF THE CELL OPPOSITE HIM. IT LOOKS BACK AT HIM UNWAVERINGLY.)

DOCTOR: Don't hurry on my account. You just let me know what you want when you're ready. If I expire of boredom before that, I hope you take it personally

HE SITS ON THE BED, HEAVILY---)
(THUS HIFFED, HE ~~TURNS ON HIS SIDE, FACE~~
~~TO THE WALL, AND SEEMS TO GO TO SLEEP.~~)

INT. TUNNELS. DAY/NIGHT.

(FOR OUR INFORMATION ONLY, IT'S NOW NIGHT
OUTSIDE)

PERI AND KEVIN, WALKING ALONG, KEVIN LEADING

A LITTLE. HE HOLDS UP HIS HAND. AHEAD WE
CAN SEE A BRANCH IN THE TUNNEL - A "Y" JUNCTION.

PERI: What do we do? Toss a coin?

KEVIN: Nope.

(BY HIM, AND TO BE SEEN CLEARLY NOW, THERE
IS ANOTHER OF THE FIRE/FLOOD DOORS, THIS
TIME SET IN THE SIDE OF THE TUNNEL.)

I reckon we must be under
that Arcade by now. We've a good idea what's
waiting for us at the end of either of those
- (GESTURES) - and back there - (GESTURES)
so, why not take a chance?

PERI: I can think of a hundred
good reasons

(KEVIN PUSHES THE PANIC BOLT TYPE ACTION
ON THE DOOR, WHICH SWINGS OPEN EASILY. AFTER
A LOOK AT EACH OTHER, THEY GO THROUGH. A
MOMENT'S PAUSE AND THE DOOR SWINGS SHUT WITH
A SURPRISINGLY HEAVY "THUD")

~~INT. CELL. NIGHT.~~

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL LYING ON THE BED, EYES
CLOSED. A DISTINCT BUT DISTANT CLANGING,
TAPPING NOISE BRINGS HIS EYES OPEN. HE ROLLS
SLOWLY OVER ONTO HIS BACK. HIS EYES TRAVEL
UP TO SEE, LET INTO THE WALL NEAR THE CEILING,
TWO METAL PIPES, OLD AND RUSTY, WHICH GO
THROUGH THE WALL. THE TAPPING HAS TAKEN
~~ON A RHYTHMIC QUALITY, BUT IS QUITE DEFINITELY~~

~~NOT MORSE CODE. THE DOCTOR LISTENS, QUIZZICALLY~~
~~FOR A FEW MOMENTS MORE, THEN HASTILY RISES~~
~~TO HIS FEET, SEARCHING THROUGH HIS POCKETS~~
~~FOR A METAL OBJECT.) THEN, WHEN THE NOISE~~
~~STOPS ---~~

DOCTOR: (MUTTERS) "Ask not for whom the pipe
 clangs ..."

~~(HE TRIUMPHANTLY COMES OUT WITH A VERY OLD~~
~~FASHIONED PAIR OF NUT CRACKERS. CLIMBS ON~~
~~HE THE BED AND HESITANTLY BEGINS TO TAP OUT~~
~~HIS OWN STACCATO BEAT ON THE PIPE. THERE~~
~~IS SILENCE FOR A MOMENT. HE TAPS AGAIN.~~
~~SILENCE AGAIN FOR A MOMENT, THEN ANOTHER~~
~~SHORT BURST.)~~

DOCTOR: Not the Abbé Faria, then
 ...

(HE SHRUGS OFF HIS DISAPPOINTMENT AND STARTS
 TAPPING AGAIN ...)

INT. TUNNELS. NIGHT.

(WHICH WE CAN ONLY JUST DETERMINE BY THE
 LIGHT OF THE GAS LIGHTER HELD IN KEVIN'S
 HAND. THEY ARE NOW WALKING VERY CAREFULLY
 - THE TUNNEL WALLS ARE ROUGH HEWN, AND THE
 FLOOR UNEVEN. THERE IS BLACKNESS AHEAD.
 FROM ALL AROUND COMES A WHIRRING NOISE,
 AS OF A WIND-UP GRAMAPHONE REACHING SPEED.
 THE STEAM-ORGAN STRAINS OF "MY DARLING CLEMENTINE"
 COME ON CHEERILY, TO THEIR OBVIOUS SURPRISE.
 MACHINERY GRINDS INTO ACTION, THE SOUND OF
 RUNNING WATER, A KNOCKING, HAMMERING SOUND,

EACH ONE AT A DIFFERENT TIME, FROM A DIFFERENT DIRECTION, SWINGING THEM AROUND TO MEET IT. THEN THE LIGHTS COME UP TO REVEAL THE LARGEST OF THE CAVERNS, WHICH IS VERY LARGE INDEED, MAKING UP THE "GOLD-MINE" RIDE

AN EXACT COPY OF THE SAME RIDE IN DISNEYLAND, CALIFORNIA, THE SIZE AND FINISH OF THE RIDE IS QUITE OUTSIDE THE TRADITIONALLY TATTY OFFERINGS OF THE BRITISH FAIRGROUND..

KEVIN AND PERI ARE ON THE TRACKS THE CARS FOLLOW, AT THE SIDE OF THE CAVERN, WITH "MINE WORKINGS" STRETCHING ABOVE AND BELOW THEM. THEY ARE STANDING RIGHT BY A GOLDMINER, SWINGING HIS PICK INTO THE ROCKFACE. AFTER THE TENSION OF THE LAST FEW MINUTES, THE RELIEF IS OBVIOUS, AND THEY BOTH BURST OUT LAUGHING. EXAMINING WITH PARTICULAR AMUSEMENT THE LIFE-SIZE CARICATURE OF THE GOLD MINER.)

KEVIN: Which way now?

PERI: Ask him ...

KEVIN: (TO THE MINER) Er- 'scuse me, mate, where's the nearest Police station?

(HE PRETENDS TO LISTEN TO AN ANSWER.
KEVIN STRAIGHTENS UP.)

I might've known ... "Follow the Yellow Brick Road ..." Come on ...

(THEY GO OFF ALONG THE RAIL TRACK TO THE RIGHT. STAY WITH THE MINER LONG ENOUGH TO SEE HIS HEAD TURN TO FOLLOW THEM.)

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INT. CELL. NIGHT.

THE DOCTOR, STANDING ON THE BED, IS WORKING AT THE NOW LOOSE MORTAR AROUND THE VENTILATION GRILLE HIGH ON THE WALL. HE HAS IN HIS HAND A PIECE OF ANGLE-IRON WHICH WE CAN ASSUME HE HAS TAKEN FROM THE BED FRAME, AND IS CHIPPING AND LEVERING AT THE MORTAR.

HE DECIDES HE HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH, FOR HE DROPS THE IRON TO THE BED AND STARTS TO WORK THE GRILLE OUT OF ITS RETAINING FRAME. AS HE DOES SO, THERE IS A LOUD, METALLIC RASPING, CLANGING SOUND. HE STOPS TO SEE IF ANYONE HAS HEARD HIM. THERE IS NO REACTION. HE STARTS AGAIN, IGNORING THE NOISE HE'S MAKING. WITH A FINAL WRENCH, THE GRILLE COMES OUT TO REVEAL ANOTHER GRILLE BEHIND. AS THE DOCTOR GROANS IN FRUSTRATION, THERE IS A METALLIC CLANGING, TAPPING NOISE NOT OF HIS MAKING HE GETS THE IRON OFF THE BED AND TAPS BACK, USING THE SECOND GRILLE. THE TAPPING IS RETURNED TO HIM, NOW IN AN URGENT RHYTHMIC FASHION ...)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL CONDUCTING HIS FERRUCS CONVERSATION WHEN THE RETURNING TAPS SUDDENLY BECOME FRANTIC, URGENT, AND THEN STOP THE DOCTOR LOOKS IN CONSTERNATION AT THE PIPE, TAPS TENTATIVELY A COUPLE OF TIMES AND WAITSSILENCE TAPS AGAIN SILENCE ... HE GETS DOWN FROM THE BED.)

DOCTOR: I wonder what interrupted your transmission?

(AS HE CASTS A SPECULATIVE GLANCE BACK UP AT THE PIPE, CUT:)

INT. "GOLDMINE". NIGHT.

(KEVIN AND PERI, WALKING ALONG THE RAIL TRACK, WHILST KEVIN IS TALKING, PLEASED OBVIOUSLY TO HAVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO AT LAST, PERI IS MORE ANXIOUS - CONTINUALLY LOOKING ABOUT AND BEHIND THEM.)

KEVIN: and everything seemed to be happening near the Penny Arcade - the lights, the mandarin, that red thing - and Geoff - the time I spotted him - he was with this fella dressed all in black, just my idea of a mafia hit man - that was outside the arcade, and that's where he vanished, too ... it all leads back to that arcade

PERI: Well, this doesn't lead back to the arcade, and the Doctor didn't vanish in the arcade, and we didn't get shot at in the arcade - (STOPS) - say, how come

PERI:(CONT'D) they switched this thing
on -

(GESTURES TO TAKE IN THE WHOLE GOLDMINE.)

- just when we walked into
it?

KEVIN: Oh come on! I'm supposed
to be the paranoid, remember?

PERI: I'm always paranoid when
people are hunting me -

KEVIN: They didn't "switch it on"
when we came in - it just got switched on,
that's all -

PERI: Well come on, I just want
to get out amongst that nice friendly crowd
and into the nearest Police Station, before
someone decides to switch it all off again
.....

(FAR BELOW THEM, THE THREE "MINERS" IN A
TABLEAU AROUND A CAMP-FIRE TURN THEIR HEADS
TO FOLLOW THEIR PROGRESS)

INT. CELL.NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR TAPS DISCONSOLATELY ON THE PIPE.
NO REPLY. HE TURNS SHARPLY AS HE HEARS
FOOTSTEPS IN THE CORRIDOR. THE PIPE ECHOES
AGAIN THE FRANTIC TAPPING, WHICH, TOGETHER

WITH THE FOOTSTEPS, TAKES ON THE NATURE OF
A WARNING. AS THE FOOTSTEPS GROW NEARER,
THE DOCTOR'S FACE TAKES ON A LOOK OF
APPREHENSION ...)

INT. "GOLDMINE". DAY.

(PERI AND KEVIN COMING OUT OF ONE OF THE
TUNNEL SECTIONS OF THE RIDE, WITH MORE LEGENCY
NOW, FROM PERI AT LEAST. SHE STOPS SUDDENLY.)

KEVIN: What's up?

PERI: Ssh!

(SHE PAUSES, LISTENING.)

I heard someone following
us -

KEVIN: Come on - you're spooking
me now ...

(WITH PISTOL ONCE AGAIN VERY MUCH IN EVIDENCE,
HE LEADS HER OFF AT A BRISK PACE. FROM AN
ALCOVE DISPLAY, A MINER PICKS UP A GEOLOGIST'S
HAMMER - THE SORT WITH A FLAT AND A SPIKED
HEAD - AND HEFTS IT IN ONE HAND AS HIS HEAD
TURNS TO FOLLOW THEM)

N.B. SUGGEST THE MINERS VARIOUS PARTS NOTE
IN CLOSE-UP TO AVOID PROBLEMS WITH ARTICULATION.
HEADS AND ARMS SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO DUPLICATE
IN ISOLATION, OR PERHAPS THE RIDE EVEN CARRIES
SPARES ...?

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(PAST THE DOCTOR, WE SEE THE CELL DOOR NOT OPEN, BUT RATHER BEGIN TO DISAPPEAR. THE PROCESS STARTS SLOWLY ENOUGH, BUT THEN IS COMPLETED IN A RUSH, REVEALING, STANDING IN THE CORRIDOR WITH STEFAN AT HIS SIDE, THE TOYMAKER, CLAD IN HIS DISTINCTIVE MANDARIN'S ROBES)

DOCTOR: You!

(HE STARTS TOWARDS THE TOYMAKER BUT IS STOPPED, AT THE DOOR OR IMMEDIATELY INSIDE IT, BY AN INVISIBLE BARRIER.)

TOYMAKER: My dear Doctor. Forgive these tedious formalities but I feared your impetuous nature might bring us both to regrettable harm without some form of restraint ...

(THE DOCTOR IS DECIDEDLY MORE CROSS THAN ALARMED BY THE APPEARANCE OF THE TOYMAKER.)

DOCTOR: Brevity is the soul of wit

TOYMAKER: So I believe, but I've waited so long for this meeting, I've had plenty of time to make up five words where one would do....

DOCTOR: And this is another of your absurd games, is it?

TOYMAKER: Not absurd, no. I do have plenty of those, but this one is in deadly earnest ...

TOYMAKER:(CONT'D) ...I should have liked to invite your charming companion to join us in the same fashion as yourself, but I was relying on Miss Peri to collect a young gentleman on her way in, which I'm delighted to say she has done, in her own fashion

DOCTOR: If you've harmed her ...

TOYMAKER: What, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Then you and I should fall out

(AND IT IS DELIVERED AS AN OHINOUS THREAT RATHER THAN A FEEBLE JIBE.)

TOYMAKER: I assure you, my dear Doctor, that she is in perfect health, as is the young man. Over the past few weeks I have tried several inducements to persuade him to accept my hospitality, but nothing would tempt him until Miss Peri came alongThey'll make a very good team.

DOCTOR:(SPEAKER) Oh, stop this nonsense, Toymaker. They're not interested in playing any of your games - and neither am I

TOYMAKER: But you haven't even started yet ... and how could you, with no-one to play with. Meet your opponent, Doctor....

(WITH A SLIGHT MOTION OF ONE HAND, WITHDRAWN FOR THE PURPOSE FROM THE MANDARIN SLEEVE, THE TOYMAKER MAKES A GESTURE TOWARDS THE LEFT WALL OF THE DOCTOR'S CELL.

THE WALL SLOWLY DISAPPEARS. IN THE SAME WAY AS DID THE DOOR. BEHIND IT IS REVEALED A CELL EXACTLY THE SAME AS THE DOCTOR'S, EXCEPT THAT IT'S OCCUPANT IS NOW DISCOVERED TO BE THE OWNER OF THE GIANT CLAW

INT. "GOLDMINE". NIGHT.

(AS PERI AND KEVIN COME ROUND A CORNER, FOLLOWING THE RAILS, STILL, A "ROOF-TIMBER CRANSES FROM THE CEILING, STOPPING JUST ABOVE THEIR HEADS. IT IS PART OF THE RIDE, BUT REALISTIC ENOUGH TO CAUSE THEM TO DIVE OUT OF THE WAY. THEY WATCH AS IT IS RAISED AGAIN FOR THE NEXT TRIP ON THE TRACK, WHICH WOULD NORMALLY BE OPERATED BY ONE OF THE CARS.)

PERI: Let's get out of here ...

(THEY ARE IN THE LARGEST CAVERN OF ALL, WHICH IS TO SAY REALLY QUITE LARGE. SCENES OF MINERS AT WORK ABOUND. AS THEY MOVE ON, A CHUNK OF ROCK SPLATTERS AGAINST THE WALL NEAR PERI. SHE SPINS ROUND TO SEE WHERE IT CAME FROM. NO-ONE IS THERE. ANOTHER ROCK COMES AT KEVIN, JUST MISSING, AND ANOTHER, AND ANOTHER. AS THEY SPIN AROUND, BEWILDERED, TO SEE WHERE THE ROCKS ARE COMING FROM, PERI IS THE FIRST TO SPOT ONE OF THE MINERS RAISING A CHUNK AND THROWING IT.)

 It's the miners - they've
come alive!

(THEY HALF CROUCH, HALF RUN, BACK THE WAY THEY'VE COME, NOW WITH A HAIL OF ROCKS SHATTERING ALL AROUND THEM. WITH A CRY KEVIN FALLS TO THE GROUND. MORE ROCKS COME AT THEM AS PERI CROUCHES DOWN BY HIM, ARMS TRYING TO PROTECT HER HEAD ...)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE OWNER OF THE CLAW SLOWLY APPROACHES THE DOCTOR.

THE OWNER IS, IN FACT, PERFECTLY HUMANOID EXCEPT FOR TWO MAJOR DIFFERENCES, FROM WHICH SHOULD STEM THE SINISTER THREAT AND MENACE HE EXJDES
.....

OVER SIX FEET TALL, CLAD ENTIRELY IN SOMETHING WHICH LOOKS MUCH LIKE BLACK LEATHER BUT WHICH SHOULD HAVE AN ALIEN LOOK ABOUT IT, BLACK HAIR AND RATHER GOOD LOOKING IN A DARK SATURNISE WAY, THE F/ACE HAS NO MOUTH SIMPLY STRAIGHT FACIAL FLESH WHERE THE MOUTH SHOULD BE WHILST THE RIGHT ARM ENDS IN A STRONG AND ABLE HUMAN HAND, THE LEFT IS A BLACK CLAW - ONE BLADE OF WHICH IS SAW-TOOTHED AND CURVED SLIGHTLY, THE OTHER RAZOR-SHARP. IT IS THE LEFT ARM WHICH THE FIGURE RAISES THREATENINGLY AS HE APPROACHES THE DOCTOR)

TOYMAKER: Winner takes all, Doctor.....

• (THE DOCTOR'S HEAD TURNS TOWARDS HIM IN TIME TO SEE THE DOOR GO THROUGH THE REVERSE PROCESS AND BECOME SOLID AGAIN.
THE FIGURE HAS NOW APPROACHED CLOSE TO THE DOCTOR AND SWIFTLY THE RIGHT HAND SHOOTS /OUT TO FIX THE DOCTOR'S RIGHT WRIST. INEXOLORABLY, THE DOCTOR IS BORNE BACK DOWN ONTO THE BED, TESTIFYING TO THE SUPERIOR STRENGTH OF THE CLAW-HANDED FIGURE, THE RAISED CLAW, NOW GLISTENING WITH A THICK, STRINGY SALIVA, CLICKS DELICATELY AS IT STARTS ITS APPROACH DOWN TOWARDS THE DOCTOR'S THROAT....)

END OF EPISODE ONE.
RUN CREDITS.

DOCTOR WHO

THE NIGHTMARE FAIR

EPISODE TWO

BY

GRAHAM WILLIAMS



A.D. Peters,
10 Buckingham St.,
London WC2

15th January 1965

7th February

STUDIO:

TOYMAKER'S COMPLEX:

Prison Cell (Composite)
Lower Corridor
Data Room/Games Room
Toymaker's Room
Corridors & Stairs

FILM:

INT. "Goldmine" Ride

CHARACTERS:

Doctor

^{ASSASSIN}
The "~~Mechanic~~" (N/S)

Toymaker

Stefan

Peri

Kevin

Set. ~~Yatsumoto~~

Shardlow

Elmon (N/S)

SB 5496 ("Humandroid")

Geoff

Guards (N/S)

EPISODE TWO.

(REPRISE FINAL SCENES OF EPISODE ONE.

AS THE DOCTOR BACKS AWAY, HE BECOMES MORE AND MORE INTERESTED IN THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLAW IS SNAPPING - NOT IN THE THREAT IT POSES, BUT IN THE RHYTHM OF THE SNAPPING.

HE LEAPS ONTO THE BED AND STARTS AN URGENT, IF NOT FRANTIC, REPETITION OF HIS TAPPING ON THE PIPE.

THE MONSTER STOPS, PAUSES. THE DOCTOR REPEATS HIS TAPPING. THE CLAW HESITATES AND THEN MOVES ACROSS TO TAP ON A PIPE RUNNING DOWN THE WALL IN THE NEWLY REVEALED CELL. THERE IS A BRIEF EXCHANGE OF TAPPINGS, THEN THE DOCTOR RELAXES ON THE BED.)

DOCTOR: See? You can talk your way out of anything

(HE GIVES A CHEERY WAVE AND A SMILE TO THE MONSTER. THERE IS NO INDICATION AS TO WHETHER THE GESTURE IS RECEIVED OR RECIPROCATED)

INT. LOWER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER TURNS TO STEFAN.)

TOYMAKER: For one dreadful moment, I thought he was going to lose at the very beginning. That wouldn't do, would it?

BRING HIM TO ME AFTER YOU'VE SECURED THE ASSASSIN.

INT. GOLDMINE. NIGHT.

(PERI IS TRYING DESPERATELY TO REVIVE THE FALLEN KEVIN. THE HAIL OF ROCKS HAS STOPPED NOW, WHICH IN ITSELF STRIKES PERI AS SUSPICIOUS. SHE LOOKS UP AT A DISTANT SOUND, AND SEES THE FIGURES OF MORE BOILERSUITS COMING TOWARDS HER.)

PERI: Kevin! Kevin!

(ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE.)

I'm sorry

(SHE BACKS AWAY FROM THE APPROACHING FIGURES, KEEPING LOW, AND HEADS BACK INTO THE GOLDMINE, ABANDONING KEVIN. STAY WITH HIM AS THE BOILERSUITS REACH HIM. ONE OF THEM BENDS TO EXAMINE HIM. THE OTHER SPEAKS INTO A PERFECTLY ORDINARY STERNO-TYPE WALKIE-TALKIE. HE SMILES, BROADLY.)

~~TOYMAKER: (CONT'D) Bring him to me after you've secured the mechanic.~~

~~(HE TURNS AND SWEEPS OUT.)~~

FROM LOW ANGLE, PAST PERI, WE CAN SEE THE MCPE BOILERSUITS WALKING, PATROL FASHION, ALONG THE RAIL TRACK SOME DISTANCE ABOVE HER. SHE HAS, OF COURSE, LEFT THE TRACK, AND IS NOW DOWN AMONGST "THE WORKINGS". NO MINERS HERE - IT'S PART OF THE WATER-SLUCE, WITH THE OLD EQUIPMENT AND BOARDS LOOKING GOOD ENOUGH FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG AND JUST START WORKING IT. IT AFFORDS PERI SOME COVER, AND HER EYE

TRAVELS AROUND HER IMMEDIATE AREA. BY HER HAND IS A SHORT PINCH-BAR, RUSTY BUT REASSURINGLY SUBSTANTIAL AS SHE PICKS IT UP AND HEFTS IT COMFORTABLY. SHE MOVES OFF, CAREFULLY)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. RIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER IS SEATED IN HIS SPLENDID CARVER. STEFAN USHERS IN THE DOCTOR.)

STEFAN: The youth is being taken to the cells now, Lord.

TOYMAKER: Very well.

STEFAN: But the girl -

TOYMAKER: I am dealing with the girl
...

(STEFAN LOOKS DISAPPOINTED)

STEFAN: Yes, Lord.

DOCTOR: Toymaker -

TOYMAKER: Oh, don't worry, Doctor, she's quite safe for the moment.

(THE DOCTOR PLONKS HIMSELF DOWN WITHOUT CEREMONY IN THE ONLY OTHER COMFORTABLE CHAIR IN THE ROOM.)

DOCTOR: I don't believe you consider "safe" to be an absolute term

TOYMAKER: Everything is relative, is it not?

DOCTOR: Depends on your standpoint,
or rather where you're standing

(AS THEY DISCUSS THE OBSCURER POINTS OF THE
GENERAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY, STEFAN FROWNS
IRRITATED WITH THE DOCTOR'S MANNER. HE MOVES
THREATENINGLY TOWARDS THE DOCTOR.)

STEFAN: Lord, allow me to instruct
this insolent gypsy -

DOCTOR: Does your Myrmidon have
to be here - I mean can't you get him back
to his kennel?

TOYMAKER: I had hoped that listening
to a Time Lord's wisdom might advance dear
Stefan's education ...

DOCTOR: You've left it a little
late for that. And even I need some basic
intelligence to work with ...

TOYMAKER:(CHUCKLES) Well, Stefan's intelligence
is very basic indeed -

DOCTOR: And not a moral scruple
in his body - yes, the prime requisites
for the universal henchman.

TOYMAKER: Not at all, Doctor. If
that were true I could have half the human
race in my employ. Loyalty and complete
obedience - those are far rarer qualities....

DOCTOR: Nonsense! You can find
them in abundance in any penal colony on any
planet/in the ~~entire~~ universe. A universe,
anywhere

DOCTOR:(CONT'D) sadly, full of madmen and
their lackeys.

TOYMAKER:(MILDLY) Your manners, Doctor, do
not appear to have improved with time ...
I invite you and your travelling companion
here to a few innocent games -

DOCTOR: Since when has there ever
been anything innocent about your games?

TOYMAKER: - and you do nothing but
rail against the qualities of my poor servants.
Hardly the behaviour of a true sportsman -

DOCTOR: None of your ... pastimes
qualify as "sports". And the activities in
the Roman Col/isseum were also called "games",
as I recall ...

TOYMAKER: The similarities had not
escaped me ...

DOCTOR: I'm sure they hadn't.
Well I don't like your version any better
than I liked theirs. In fact, I don't like
you, Toymaker, and I don't like the vacuous
way you wander through the universe treating
every intelligent species you meet like counters
on a board ...

(THE COMMENT ABOUT THE ROMAN GAMES FINALLY
CLICKS.)

ROMAN COLISEUM ---How long have you been
here?

TOYMAKER: In, not long ...
fascinating world, isn't it?

DOCTOR: Yes, it is.

TOYMAKER: Your favourite, by all
accounts ...

DOCTOR: Yes. Is that why you came
here?

TOYMAKER: The ingenuity of the locals
is really quite remarkable ...

DOCTOR: Is that why you came here?

TOYMAKER: And they do so love playing
games. All sorts of games

DOCTOR: Have you come here for
me?

TOYMAKER: My dear Doctor! The last
time we met you were victim of your own
intellectual conceit, which now seems to have
developed into full-blown paranoia! At one
time, it's true, I held a passing interest
in your ... peregrinations through time and
space but the idea that I should squat on
this amusing but depressingly backward planet
waiting for you to "drop in" is egocentric
in the extreme

DOCTOR: You set up the Space/Time
vortex

TOYMAKER: Doctor, I am the Space/Time
vortex ...

(THAT STOPS THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR: What do you want with me?

TOYMAKER: You know perfectly well.

DOCTOR: How often do I have to win before you give up?

TOYMAKER: Oh, lots ...

DOCTOR: No more games. I refuse.

TOYMAKER: One more, Doctor. We'll call that the decider, shall we?

DOCTOR:(SNIFFS) A "decider" implies the scores are even. They're not. I'm ahead. Let's just call it "the last", shall we?

TOYMAKER: Then you will play, good ...

DOCTOR: Not yet. Not at all unless -

TOYMAKER: Unless?

DOCTOR: Until I see Peri, safe and sound. In the flesh. Where is she?

TOYMAKER: Close to hand, I assure you, and having the time of her life

DOCTOR: I warned you, Toymaker

TOYMAKER: I will not harm her ...

DOCTOR: Not you nor any of your ...
"servants" ...

TOYMAKER: Oh, absolutely ...

(AS STEFAN MOVES TO ESCORT THE DOCTOR AWAY,
THE TOYMAKER'S SMILE CAN HARDLY FAIL TO
REGISTER...)

INT. GOLDMINE. NIGHT.

(PERI IS STILL DOWN AMONGST THE WORKINGS.
BEFORE HER IS THE FIGURE OF A MINER. ITS
HEAD SWIVELLING SLOWLY FROM LEFT TO RIGHT.
OBVIOUSLY, HE WILL HAVE TO BE DEALT WITH BEFORE
PERI CAN PROCEED. VERY VERY CAREFULLY, SHE
CLOSES ON HIM FROM BEHIND AND RAISES HER CROWBAR.
BUILD THE MUSIC WITH HER ADVANCE UNTIL SHE
BRINGS THE BAR DOWN AS HARD AS SHE CAN, CONNECTING
WITH THE MINER'S HEAD, KNOCKING IT FROM ITS
SHOULDERS. AS SHE BENDS TO EXAMINE THE WOODEN
HEAD, SHE STOPS, AND STIFFENS. BEHIND HER,
SHE CAN HEAR SOMETHING MOVE ... SHE STRAIGHTENS
QUICKLY, AND HIDES BEHIND AN OUTCROP OF ROCK,
CROWBAR RAISED TO STRIKE. A FIGURE LOOMS
TOWARDS US, OUT OF THE GLOOM. SHE IS JUST
ABOUT TO LAUNCH HERSELF WHEN:)

KEVIN: Peri?

(PERI ALMOST COLLAPSES WITH RELIEF, AND COMES
OUT FROM HER HIDING PLACE.)

PERI: Are you alright?

KEVIN: I was going to ask you
the same thing ...

PERI: How on earth did you get
away?

KEVIN: I just played dead until they went away. If they're all that thick, then we've no problems ...

PERI: They haven't seemed especially thick to me so far

KEVIN:(GRINS) I think I've found a way out ...

PERI: At last!

(KEVIN WOBBLER A BIT.)

Are you sure you're alright?

KEVIN: One of them rocks caught me a clout, that's all. Go on, you lead the way ... up there by the log cabin ...

(SHE DOES SO, AND KEVIN FOLLOWS ...)

INT. LOWER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(STEFAN AND A BOILER SUIT MARCH THE DOCTOR TO HIS CELL DOOR. BOILERSUIT OPENS IT, AS A NORMAL DOOR.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(STEFAN AND THE DOCTOR ENTER. THE DOCTOR'S ATTENTION IS IMMEDIATELY TAKEN BY A SHINY AND LIT-UP ARCADE VIDEO GAMES MACHINE SET UP IN THE CELL.)

DOCTOR: What is that monstrosity?

STEFAN: It is that upon which you
will play your last game with my master ...

DOCTOR: Is that all?

STEFAN: It will suffice.

DOCTOR: Will it indeed.

(WITH HIS USUAL WOLFISH GRIN, STEFAN LEAVES.
THE DOCTOR CALLS AFTER HIM:)

Does room service extend
to some dinner?

(IN REPLY, THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT AND WE HEAR
THE KEY TURN IN THE LOCK. THE DOCTOR SHRUGS
AND TURNS BACK TO THE MACHINE. THIS TIME,
HOWEVER, WITHOUT STEFAN IN THE WAY, HE SEES
A RECUMBENT FORM ON THE BED. HE GOES SWIFTLY
TO IT, AND AS HE DOES SO THE FIGURE STIRS.
THE DOCTOR HELPS HIM RAISE HIS HEAD. IT IS
KEVIN.)

INT. GOLDMINE. NIGHT.

(CLOSE SHOT AS FIRST PERI AND THEN KEVIN MOVE
TOWARDS AND PAST CAMERA. PERI STOPS NEAR
THE LOG CABIN.)

PERI: Where now?

KEVIN: To the left ...

(HE INDICATES A NARROW PATH PAST A GOLD ORE
TRUCK)

PERI: It's all gone very quiet
in here

KEVIN: They've all knocked off.

PERI: Just like that? The miners haven't knocked off, surely?

KEVIN:(CHEERFULLY) Waiting for the night shift to come on, eh?

PERI: I don't like it. Not one little bit.

KEVIN: Well, come on then let's get out of here.

(HE MOTIONS FOR HER TO LEAD OFF AGAIN, AND SHE DOES SO. CUT BACK TO KEVIN, WHO LOOKS BACK THE WAY THEY'VE COME. IN THE DISTANCE, A BOILERSUIT APPEARS. HE WAVES. KEVIN WAVES BACK, THEN MOVES FORWARD.

LOCKED OFF SHOT: AS KEVIN MOVES FORWARD, HE SHIMMERS AND HALF FADES OUT - IN A FASHION WHICH SHOULD CLOSELY DUPLICATE THE CELL DOOR ROLL BACK AND MIX. WITH A SMALL EFFORT, THE FIGURE OF KEVIN SEEMS TO STRAIGHTEN AND QUICKLY BECOME STABLE AGAIN. KEVIN GRINS, IN STEFAN'S STYLE MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE, AND FOLLOWS PERI)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(REAL KEVIN IS SITTING ON THE BED. THE DOCTOR IS ON TIP TOE, FIXING HIS SONIC SCREWDRIVER TO THE MOUNTING OF THE WALL CAMERA WITH A PIECE OF TWINE OR STRING TAKEN FROM THE BED MATTRESS.)

KEVIN: ... and then the ruddy miners, or whatever they are, started hurling ruddy great rocks at us, and here I am ... look, what are you doing?

(THE DOCTOR MAKES THE UNIVERSAL FLOOR MANAGERS GESTURES FOR "KEEP IT GOING")

Wha' ?? Oh ... er right. Well, when I came to - it couldn't've been long, I were being carried by these two laddies - big heavy blokes they were, with boiler suits on - they seem to use them as guards around here, but why they can't have a decent set of clothes beats me. I mean, not many boilermakers carry guns, do they, not where I come from any road. Be a strike if they did, you can bet on it -

DOCTOR: Alright, you can stop now. .

(HE MOVES AWAY INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM AND SURVEYS HIS WORK.)

That should do the trick.

KEVIN: Oh, good. I'd hate to think it were all for nothing ... ~~what is it?~~

DOCTOR: That? (SHRUGS MODESTLY)
Oh, it's just a simple three channel laser image loop, on continuous feedback, with a quasi-random selector built in to the second output control I think.

KEVIN: What does it do?

DOCTOR: Like all cameras, it lies.
It's sending back a picture of you sitting
on the bed talking interminably, but in its
picture, I'm also sitting next to you.

KEVIN: You mean, we're being watched?

DOCTOR: We were, until I did that.
The gentleman who's watching us is, I hope,
much distracted at the moment in playing one
of his games with Peri -

KEVIN: What?

DOCTOR: Oh, don't worry. That's
all he does. Play games. Calls himself the
Celestial Toymaker.

KEVIN: Variety act, is he?

DOCTOR: That's not a bad description
.....

KEVIN: And just who are you?

DOCTOR: My dear chap, you'd be
none the wiser if I told you, and it would
take an awfully long time. Let's just accept
things as they are shall we, and try and get
out of here? Now, empty your pockets on the
bed ...

(AS HE STARTS TO EMPTY HIS OWN, CUT:)

INT. DATA ROOM. NIGHT.

(TOYMAKER WITH THE TECHNICIANS.)

TECHNICIAN ONE:and then feed the signal over to the second transducer in this circuit here ...

(HE POINTS OUT A COUPLE OF ITEMS ON A LARGE AND IMPRESSIVE CRICUIT DIAGRAM.)

... which meant increasing the carrier diameter here by forty microns, Lord, and that gave rise to the slight delay.

(HE STANDS BACK, VERY NERVOUSLY. THE TOYMAKER SEEMS TO ACCEPT THE EXPLANATION, FOR HE BEAMS.)

TOYMAKER: Excellent, Yatsumoto -

(WHAT OTHER KIND OF VIDEO TECHNICIAN WOULD THERE BE??!!)

most ingenious. Thank you. Let California know the change in specification immediately, will you?

TECHNICIAN ONE:(WITH SOME RELIEF) Yes, Lord.

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS UP FROM THE PILE OF CLUTTER - MOSTLY OF HIS OWN - ON THE BED TO KEVIN, WHO HAS CONTRIBUTED THE MORE MUNDANE ITEMS.)

DOCTOR: No transducers?

(KEVIN SHAKES HIS HEAD.)

No elliptical resonators?

(KEVIN SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Fuse wire?

KEVIN: It's just not the sort of stuff
I carry around with me... even if I knew
what half of it was -

DOCTOR: And look what you do carry around
with you! Honestly, young people today!!
When I was your age I had enough "stuff"
in my pockets to build a Holo-field scrambler
in five minutes flat, and often did!

KEVIN: Why haven't you got what you need
now, then?

DOCTOR: One matures

(HE LOOKS AT THE MACHINE IN THE CORNER.)

Can you get the back off that
thing for me?

KEVIN: About two minutes ...

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(TOYMAKER SEATED AT HIS DESK, STEFAN IN FRONT
OF HIM.)

TOYMAKER: When will production commence?

STEFAN: The new specification will make no difference, Lord. Within the month.

TOYMAKER: Have arrangements been made for the technicians to travel to America?

STEFAN: They leave tonight, Lord, with your permission ...

TOYMAKER: Data correlation must be complete in two weeks, then.

STEFAN: Yes, Lord. We foresee no difficulties.

TOYMAKER: We could even incorporate the results from the Time Lord.

STEFAN: (SMILES) And the game's appeal would be truly universal, Lord.

(THE TOYMAKER SMILES, AND STEFAN LETS LOOSE HIS UNPLEASANT LAUGH AGAIN ...)

INT. GOLDMINE. NIGHT.

(PERI AND KEVIN, MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MINERS' CAMP, KEVIN LEADING. KEVIN PAYS ABSOLUTELY NO REGARD TO THE FIGURES. PERI VIEWS THEM WITH DEEP SUSPICION AS THEY CLIMB OUT OF THE CAMP, KEVIN OFFERS PERI A HAND. SHE TAKES IT.)

PERI: (CASUALLY) How's your arm?

KEVIN: Fine. Why shouldn't it be?

PERI: I thought you sprained it. When we escaped.

KEVIN: Oh that! No, it's fine, now.

PERI: After you -

(SHE MOTIONS FOR HIM TO GO ON, AND FOLLOWS, NOW CAREFULLY.....)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE BACK IS INDEED OFF THE VIDEO MACHINE, AND THE DOCTOR IS POKING AROUND INSIDE.)

DOCTOR: No, no, no. The ~~walls~~^{doors} do not exist! Not that one, anyway -

(HE WAVES A HAND OUTSIDE THE CASING IN THE VAGUE DIRECTION OF ^{HIS} THE MONSTER'S CELL. ~~~~~~~~~)

KEVIN: Then why does it hurt when I hit it?

DOCTOR: Because it's solid of course! What d'you expect to feel when you hit a solid object? Warm all over?

KEVIN: If it's not real, how come it's there?

DOCTOR: Because it is! Can't you trust the evidence of your own eyes. Or are you one of those fellows who has to go around hitting things all the time. Knew a chap like that once, In Paris.....

KEVIN: It doesn't exist, but it's real. It's not there but it's solid? -

DOCTOR: At last, I detect a glimmer of understanding!

(NOT FROM THE LOOK ON KEVIN'S FACE, YOU DIDN'T;

It's a simple Holo-Field ... a Holo-gram, a picture made up of diffracted light, but with enough energy to give it the appearance and physical attributes of solid material - honestly, it's just like talking to primitives -

(HE POKES HIS HEAD OUT. SHEEPISH SMILE ...)

Sorry ...

(HE PUTS HIS HEAD BACK.)

Right -

(HE STARTS TO GET OUT FROM THE BACK OF THE MACHINE WHEN HIS ACTION IS SPEEDED UP VASTLY BY THE SOUND OF THE BOLT BEING DRAWN AT THE CELL DOOR ... SHARDLOW ENTERS, BEARING A LARGE TRAY. TWO BOILERSUITS REMAIN OUTSIDE, ARMED. SHARDLOW PUTS THE TRAY DOWN ON THE BED, AND STARTS TO SERVE FOOD FROM IT - SILVER BOWLS OF SOUP, NAPKINS, BREAD ROLLS, ALL DONE IN THE BEST POSSIBLE TASTE)

SHARDLOW: My apologies for the victuals, sirs ... cook was expecting you much earlier, and does not, alas, reside in the house.

KEVIN: Who are you?

SHARDLOW: My name is Shardlow, sir.

KEVIN: What do you do here, Shardlow?

SHARDLOW: I am a servant here, as
are we all, in our way.

KEVIN: Why? Why do you stay here,
with that lunatic?

SHARDLOW: Is there a choice, young
sir?

DOCTOR:(GENTLY) What game did you lose,
Shardlow?

SHARDLOW: Why, Backgammom, sir.
At the Hellfire Club, it was. A losing hazard
.....

DOCTOR:(EVEN MORE GENTLY) And when was this?

SHARDLOW: Why a beautiful summer's
evening, sir. The July of '78.

DOCTOR: 1778 ...?

SHARDLOW: Yes, sir ...

KEVIN: That's over two hundred
years ago ...

SHARDLOW: Is it, master, is it indeed.
I must confess, it has seemed sometimes such
a very long time

(ONE OF THE BOILERSUITS COMES INTO THE CELL.)

SHARDLOW: I will return, good sirs,
in a quarter of an hour with the fish course.
We do not keep such a fine table these days
as once we did

DOCTOR: Times change, Shardlow.

SHARDLOW: Do they sir, do they indeed?

(SLOWLY AND SADLY HE LIMPS OUT.)

KEVIN: This place is nothing but
a flamin asylum. I've never heard such a
load of codswallop in all me born -

DOCTOR: What you've heard is the
plain unvarnished truth, I should think ...

KEVIN: Two hundred year old gassers,
serving the grub?

DOCTOR: More than two hundred years.
That's just the time he's been here - he
was his natural age before that say what,
sixty?

KEVIN: Oh, well, that makes a
lot of difference, that does, him being two
hundred and sixty instead of two hundred.
That makes it a lot more credible ...

DOCTOR: That poor old man ...
The gift of immortality didn't seem to please
him that much, did it?

KEVIN: Immortality?

DOCTOR: When you start counting your age in centuries you can call that immortality can't you? Or like the rest of your race, are you going to quibble about definitions yes, that would be typical - to spend eternity defining immortality - that would really satisfy the human race's yearning for self-justification! "That poor old man" centuries of servitude, for what? Losing a game ... This time the Toymaker has gone too far.

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE WALLSCREEN IS SHOWING, AS THE DOCTOR HOPED, THE DOCTOR AND KEVIN SEATED ON THE BED, BUT THE TOYMAKER, IN HIS USUAL CARNER, SEEMS OBLIVIOUS TO THEM ANYWAY. HIS CONCENTRATION ON THE HOLOGRAM FORM OF KEVIN IN THE GOLDMINE SEEMS TO BE GIVING HIM EVIDENT ENJOYMENT.)

TOYMAKER: We must hurry

INT. GOLDMINE. NIGHT.

KEVIN: We must hurry

PERI: Why?

KEVIN: Why?

PERI: I mean why now, especially?

(SHE HAS STOPPED TO ASK THE QUESTION, AND SPOTS, BEHIND KEVIN, A BOILERSUIT DART INTO COVER.)

PERI:(CONT'D) What was the deal?

KEVIN: What?

PERI: When you sold out, what was the deal? Your brother back, was that it?

KEVIN: I don't understand ...

(PERI HEFTS THE CROWBAR.)

PERI: Stay back ...

(BUT HE DOESN'T - HE MAKES A DIVE FOR HER. SHE SWINGS THE CROWBAR AND BRINGS IT RIGHT DOWN ON HIS HEAD. WE SHOULD EXPECT IT TO FLY OFF, AS DID THE MINER'S, BUT INSTEAD THE CROWBAR SIMPLY PASSES STRAIGHT THROUGH THE FIGURE, OR RATHER THE SUPERIMPOSITION OF IT. BUT ON THE CUT, THE ARM WHICH CATCHES HER IS REAL ENOUGH. THE HOLOGRAM WOULD SEEM TO BE SELECTIVE, AND TO BE CAPABLE OF FINE-TUNING. PERI DROPS THE CROWBAR AS KEVIN WRENCHES HER ARM PAINFULLY. AS IF ON A SIGNAL, THE BOILERSUITS EMERGE FROM COVER AND CONVERGE ON THEM.)

KEVIN: The start of the game was most amusing and I wish I could say you were a worthy opponent, but in truth you'll need to practise for a long time. We shall have to see what we can do about that

(SHE IS HELD BY THE GUARDS NOW, AND KEVIN IS
STANDING BACK FROM THE GROUP.)

PERI: Who are you?

(KEVIN LAUGHS IN THE TOYMAKERS NASTY WAY AS HIS
FIGURE SHIMMERS, AND THEN FADES OUT. THE GUARDS
ARE NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST CONCERNED AT THIS, AND
LEAD PERI AWAY.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(KEVIN IS EATING HUNGRILY. THE DOCTOR NOW
HAS BITS ASSEMBLED FROM THE INNARDS OF THE
GAMES MACHINE - WIRES FORMED INTO A SMALL
DISH-ANTENNA SHAPE, ABOUT TEN INCHES SQUARE,
WITH VARIOUS TRANSDUCERS AND TRANSISTOR ELEMENTS
SCATTERED THROUGH THE FRAGILE HEATH-ROBINSON
SHAPE OF THE THING. A STRAND OF HALF A DOZEN
THIN WIRES LEADS FROM IT BACK TO THE GAMES
MACHINE. HE HANDS THE GIZMO TO KEVIN, SITTING
ON THE BED, AND CROSSES TO THE MACHINE.)

DOCTOR: A couple more adjustments
..... now you hold that pointing towards
the door ...

(KEVIN DOES SO, LOOKING DISTINCTLY UNSURE
ABOUT THE WISDOM OF DOING SO.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(TOYMAKER AND STEFAN, WHO HAS JUST ENTERED.)

STEFAN: The technicians await your
pleasure, lord.

TOYMAKER: Stefan, I was busy enjoying myself ;;; a feeling I haven't had for a very long time ...

STEFAN: I'm glad to hear of it, lord.

TOYMAKER: You don't understand, Stefan. I have actually found a distraction something I can develop. Why, it could be good for centuries. I owe that young lady and her friend a great deal ...

(HE SITS AGAIN AND TAKES UP HIS QUILL PEN, AND BEGINS TO WRITE SWIFTLY. STEFAN SUMMONS THE COURAGE TO INTERRUPT.)

STEFAN: Lord, may I proceed with my game of backgammon - the old man?

TOYMAKER:(TESTY) Yes, yes ~~after the trial run~~ if you wish -

(STEFAN TURNS TO GO.)

But Stefan, make sure you win, won't you?

(HE SMILES EVILLY AT STEFAN, WHO SWALLOWS HARD.)

STEFAN: Yes, Lord

(TOYMAKER GOES ON WRITING)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR STANDING, BROODING, AT THE MACHINE.)

DOCTOR:(TO KEVIN) You sure you haven't got
any fuse wire?

(KEVIN SHAKES HIS HEAD. THE DOCTOR SIGHS
AND IS ABOUT TO BEND DOWN BEHIND THE MACHINE
AGAIN, WHEN HE HEARS THE KEY IN THE LOCK
OF THE DOOR.. HE SWIFTLY SHOVES THE ANTENNAE
UNDER THE BED AND SITS, AS THE DOOR OPENS.
A BOILERSUIT THRUSTS PERI INTO THE CELL.)

DOCTOR: You didn't last long.

(THE DOOR HAS CLOSED. THE DOCTOR SWIFTLY
GOES TO FIDDLE WITH THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER/CAMERA
ATTACHMENT.)

PERI: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Just putting you in the
picture....

(HE FINISHES)

Easier with practise ...

PERI: And what do you mean "didn't
last long"? I was nearly killed out there
- and so was he -

(POINTS AT KEVIN -)

PERI:(CONT'D) ...both of him.

DOCTOR: A copy?

KEVIN: What do you mean, "both
of me"?

PERI: Not a physical copy - well
it was, but then he just - faded away

DOCTOR:(TURNS BACK TO HIS WORK) Like the
door.

PERI: He was not like a door
...

KEVIN: Simple Hologram, that's
all.

(PERI'S REACTION.)

Solid. But not real.
You know.

~~(ALMOST INDICATES TO PERI "HUMOUR HIM".)~~

PERI: Oh, yeah, sure, that's
it.

(THERE IS A SMALL BANG AND A SMALL PUFF OF
SMOKE FROM BEHIND THE VIDEO-MACHINE. THE
DOCTOR EMERGES BRIEFLY.)

DOCTOR: Now look what you've made
me do.

(HE DISAPPEARS AGAIN, LEAVING PERI AND KEVIN
TO EXCHANGE A SHRUG ...)

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INT. DATA ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER IS INSTRUCTING HIS PRINCIPAL
TECHNICIAN:)

TOYMAKER: You will place this circuit
 in parallel with the high score limiter immediate
➤ But only on this machine

(YASUHO)

~~(THE TECHNICIAN, WHO SHOULD, OF COURSE, BE~~
~~ORIENTAL,~~ TAKES A SMALL PRINTED CIRCUIT PLATE
FROM THE TOYMAKER AND BOWS FROM THE WAIST ...)

INT CELL NIGHT.
(THE DOCTOR IS STILL BEHIND THE MACHINE)

PERI: And who is this "Toymaker"?

DOCTOR: I don't know. Nobody knows. He existed before the start of Time Lord records. There was an attempt to trace his path through time, but the researchers got bored with all the games As my colleagues do so often, they met something they didn't understand and ran away from it. If they'd been able to control him, they would have investigated further, I'm sure. But they couldn't, so they didn't.

PERI: A being the Time Lords couldn't handle ...?

(THE DOCTOR EMERGES TO ADJUST THE ANTENNAE
END OF HIS DEVICE.)

DOCTOR: Oh, there are lots of them. Time Lords generally aren't very good at handling things, especially themselves. I'm just the exception to the rule

PERI: Oh ...

DOCTOR: We do know he's telepathic, and we do know he's telekinetic. We know he can withstand the most violent natural forces in our experience - he was once observed playing with a supernova as though it was a paddling pool ... and we know he's old beyond imagining ...

(HE PAUSES FOR A MOMENT, FOLLOWING A TRAIN
OF THOUGHT. THEN HE SHAKES HIMSELF ...)

Most of all we know he likes games. And that's what I'm going to do something about

(HE HAS NEARLY FINISHED HIS GIZMO)

PERI: You're going to beat him?

DOCTOR: I'm going to ^{Run away} escape from him, and count myself very lucky if I do even that ...

(ACTIVITY HAS TO CEASE ABRUPTLY AS THE SOUND OF THE BOLT ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE DOOR SIGNALS SHARDLOW'S RE-APPEARANCE WITH THE FISH COUSE. HE COMES IN, THE SAME ROUTINE AS BEFORE.)

SHARDLOW: My apologies for the delay

DOCTOR: Nonesense, my dear fellow. We were just remarking on the excellence of the service, weren't we, chaps?

(GENERAL, IF SOMEWHAT DISINTERESTED AGREEMENT FROM PERI AND KEVIN.)

If only the accomodation were in the same style, eh?

SHARDLOW: Alas, sir. My Lord has instructed you be kept close confined.

(TO PERI) Mistress, I took the liberty of laying a place for you also.

PERI: Thank you.

(HE LAYS THE TRAY ON THE BED AND STARTS TO SERVE THEM. HE STOPS AND REGISTERS THE ANTENNAE. HE ADDRESSES HIS NEXT REMARK, WITH EMPHASIS, TO THE DOCTOR.)

SHARDLOW: Both my Lord and the Master Stefan are much engaged by the great work.

SHARDLOW:(CONT'D) They apologise for not giving you the attention they would wish. In a short time, however, they will be able to devote themselves entirely to you.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Mr. Shardlow.
I appreciate your concern.

(SHARDLOW INCLINES HIS HEAD. KEVIN DOESN'T READ THE CODE.)

KEVIN: Is there anyone else here like us?

(SHARDLOW IS ABOUT TO REPLY WHEN KEVIN GOES ON.)

Younger than me - four years younger, dark hair, quite tall, name of Geoff Bickerstaff ...

SHARDLOW: Why yes, young sir. Master Bickerstaff ... but he is not like you

KEVIN: What?

SHARDLOW: Master Bickerstaff is an honoured guest of my Lord, his assistant in the Great Work

KEVIN: Assistant?

DOCTOR: Great Work?

SHARDLOW: Why, mercy yes. For what other purpose must we all serve?

(REACTION DOCTOR)

SHARDLOW: (CONT'D) Not that I shall see the fruits of my labours

(BUT HE SMILES CONTENTEDLY AS HE SAYS IT.)

... Master Stefan has called me to a game of Backgammon, and I shall lose, I always do lose, but I am promised that this is to be the last game

(REACTION PERI AND DOCTOR. ONLY THE HINT OF WISTFULNESS FROM SHARDLOW)

and I believe I owe you a great debt of thanks, noble sir.

(HE BOWS DEEPLY TO THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR: Me?!

SHARDLOW: Why yes, sir. Master Stefan said directly that now you had arrived to help our Lord, the Work would soon be completed and thus my last game has come

(REACTION DOCTOR ...)

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(YATSUMOTO AND ANOTHER TECHNICIAN HAVE JUST FINISHED PUTTING THE TOYMAKER'S SPECIAL CIRCUIT INTO THE INWARDS OF THE VIDEO GAME MACHINE. YATSUMOTO HOLDS TO THE TECHNICIAN, WHO BEGINS A SOTTING PROCESS WITH A SCREWDRIVER.

THERE IS AN IMMEDIATE "CRUNCH" NOISE.

~~INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.~~

(YATSUMOTO PLAYING THE VIDEO GAME. HE IS CONCENTRATING FIERCELY, PERSPIRATION DAMPENING HIS FOREHEAD AND UPPER LIP. WE WILL NEED TO REGISTER THREE "LIVES" SYMBOLS., AND WATCH ONE OF THEM VANISH. REACTION YATSUMOTO.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(PERI IS HOLDING THE ANTENNAE GLUMLY AS THE DOCTOR RE-APPEARS. KEVIN IS STILL EATING.)

DOCTOR: Give me a fork, would you?

(KEVIN PASSES HIM THE ONE HE'S USING.)

A clean one ...??

(KEVIN GIVES HIM ONE FROM THE TRAY.)

What did you train as, a plumber's mate?

(WITHOUT WAITING FOR A REPLY, HE DUCKS BACK AGAIN.)

~~INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.~~

~~(AS BEFORE, SEE THE SECOND "LIVES" SYMBOL GO OUT, AND SEE ALSO THE TOYMAKER'S SATISFIED REACTION TO THE EFFECT THE GAME IS HAVING ON YATSUMOTO.)~~

INT. CELL NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS STILL BEHIND THE MACHINE. KEVIN IS EATING. PERI IS HOLDING THE ANTENNAE, POINTING IT AT THE DOOR.)

DOCTOR: Right.

(HE EVIDENTLY SWITCHES ON, FOR THE GAMES MACHINE LIGHTS UP AND WHIRRS INTO ACTION A HIGH-PITCHED WHINE STARTS UP, TO THE DOCTOR'S OBVIOUS SATISFACTION. THE WHINE RAPIDLY PASSES OUT OF THE AUDIBLE RANGE, AND THE

DOCTOR: SS:

HUMANDROID: Yes.

DOCTOR: What does that stand for?

HUMANDROID: Stand for? Curious idea.
Doesn't stand for anything. My name.

DOCTOR: Oh. I'm the Doctor. This
is Peri and Kevin, and er -

ASSASSIN.
(HE GESTURES AT THE ~~CLAW~~.)

- Well I can't get my tongue
round his name - it sounds like a couple
of dozen glottal stops run together ...

"ASSASSIN"
HUMANDROID: Oh, we call him ~~"Mechanics"~~.

(STATEMENT:) HE KILLS THINGS.
DOCTOR: ~~Very~~ imaginative ...

HUMANDROID: (WITH FERVOR) OH, RATHER ...
PERI: ~~Why?~~

PERI: HOW AWFUL!

DOCTOR: ~~He's a Ventusan - all they
do is fix things. They run half the space
fleets in the galaxy.~~

DOCTOR: AT LEAST HE'S ON OUR SIDE.

HUMANDROID: Curious thing, evolution
...

DOCTOR: A fellow philosopher!
How refreshing! And who's our shimmering
friend in the corner?

THE HUMANDROID PIES UP
THE ASSASSIN'S SINISTER
AND IMPACHABLE APPEARANCE.

HUMANDROID: Thirty two actually. I'll be coming up for retirement soon. Got my eye on a farm on Aldebaran IV, between you and me ...

PERI: But, don't you mind

(SHE GESTURES AT HIS BODY.)

HUMANDROID: Mind? Sorry, don't follow

DOCTOR: Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori ...

HUMANDROID: No, no, sorry -

DOCTOR: "It is a sweet and becoming thing to die for one's country".

HUMANDROID: Oh, I say, you feel that too? Jolly good

(THE DOCTOR COVERS HIS EYES IN EXASPERATION AND FINDS IT'S HIS TURN TO SIT ON THE BED.)

DOCTOR: A gung-ho robot, ^{A HOMICIDAL LUNATIC} ~~a ravenous~~ ~~space plumber~~ and a transcendental pink cloud We're going to make an unbeatable combination

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

~~(THE TECHNICIANS HAVE FINISHED TIDYING UP
IE. TAKING OUT YATSUMOTO'S BODY, ETC.)
(THE TECHNICIANS HAVE FINISHED TIDYING UP
IE. HOVERING UP YATSUMOTO ETC.)~~

INT. GAMER ROOM. NIGHT.

TOYMAKER: After tonight, I think we should move to our centre of production as well. There really is too much distraction here. And America is a good a place as any to watch the ... Great Game

STEFAN: I will make the necessary arrangements, Lord.

~~(HE IS ABOUT TO LEAVE, BUT EYES THE ELMON APPREHENSIVELY. THE TOYMAKER ADVANCES AND GOES CLOSE TO THE MONSTER.)~~

TOYMAKER: Afraid, Stefan? You?

STEFAN: A man is foolish to fight that which he cannot kill ...

TOYMAKER: Very wise, Stefan.

(HE RAISES BOTH HIS HANDS, AND, AS ELMON DID EARLIER, HE PLACES THEM ON EITHER SIDE OF ELMON'S HEAD, THOUGH WITHOUT TOUCHING THE MONSTER. HE CLOSES HIS EYES, AND A THIN SPARK RUNS BETWEEN HIS HANDS AND ELMON.

~~ELMON FADES, AND SWIFTLY DISAPPEARS.~~

~~(STEFAN TURNS TO GO)~~ STEFAN-
TOYMAKER: Good. ~~Go now.~~ Anticipation might be half the pleasure, but I have anticipated enough. Bring the Doctor to me. We will play a game

(STEFAN BOWS AND GOES OUT.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR, TAPPING AN URGENT MESSAGE OUT ON METAL, THE ~~MECHANIC~~ ^{ASSASSIN} RESPONDING.)

DOCTOR: It's not as though the Toymaker is short on resources - no need for him to save building costs, so why build a high-tech barrier system when bricks and mortar would do?

TO THE ASSASSIN.

(HE HAS STOPPED TAPPING, AND HANDS THE ANTENNAE INTO ~~"THE CLAW"~~. UNDERSTANDABLY, NO REPLY FROM THE OTHERS.)

Because that's what he knows, and that's what he can control the easiest.

PERI: You said he's telepathic

KEVIN: And something else -

PERI: Telekinetic -

KEVIN: Yeah -

DOCTOR: That's right.

PERI: So the ^{OTHER KEVIN} ~~barrier~~ was made up - from his mind?

DOCTOR: It could have been - and that - (POINTS AT THE DOOR) Undoubtedly is. But the inconvenience of having to sustain the mental effort bored him. He made it a simple electro-mechanical device, which he could switch on and off with a flick of his mind

INT. LOWER CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

DOCTOR: I understand you play
Backgammon.

STEFAN: A little.

DOCTOR: We must have a game some
time.

STEFAN: Ah, but there is no more
time, Doctor. Not for you. Besides, I have
played once tonight already

(HE GRINS, WOLFISHLY)

DOCTOR: Have you, have you indeed...

(STEFAN MOTIONS HIM ON WITH HIS GUN.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(ON A SMALL TABLE, FOREGROUND, WE CAN SEE
THE GAME FROM THE ORIGINAL "CELESTIAL TOYMAKER",
THE COMPLETED GAME, THE TOYMAKER HAVING PLACED
THE FINAL PIECE HIMSELF. HE ^UCO^NTEMPLATES
IT FOR A MOMENT, HIS EYES HARD.
STEFAN USHERS THE DOCTOR IN.)

TOYMAKER: Ah, Doctor. Good of you
to come.

DOCTOR: Reliving your past triumphs,
Toymaker? Oh no. That's the game I beat
you at last time, isn't it. Silly of me.

TOYMAKER: And you're confident of
beating me again this time, are you Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'll try.

TOYMAKER: You've had plenty of practise,
I trust?

DOCTOR: As much as I wanted.

TOYMAKER: Good. We shall see if
you are sufficiently prepared.

(HE RISES. THE DOCTOR SITS IN THE CHAIR
IN FRONT OF THE DESK.)

DOCTOR: Why did you come here,
Toymaker? The natives are ingenious, certainly,
but no more here than a dozen other places
in the galaxy I could name ...

TOYMAKER: But it's not just ingenuity,
Doctor. The local inhabitants have an obsessive
interest for games rivalling my own. In
one of their greatest wars, one that involved
the whole planet, they stopped fighting one
day, and played games together - between
the barbed wire, can you imagine. There's
a tribe to the east who, until very recently,
played a game using their fallen enemies
heads as a ball. My little pranks pale in
comparison.

DOCTOR: There are madmen and cruel
children in every society ...

TOYMAKER: But not at every level
of that society ... No, sometimes I think
this world was made for me ...

(CUT ON THE GLINT IN HIS EYE.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

^{ASSASSIN}
(THE ~~MECHANIC~~ IS TAPPING TO NO AVAIL ON HIS ^{THE BEL-FW} PIPE. NO-ONE THERE SEEMS TO UNDERSTAND A WORD HE'S SAYING.)

KEVIN: He can tap all he likes.
I don't know what he wants ...

HUMANDROID: I don't understand how
we're supposed to "give him a hand" if -

(HE GETS NO FURTHER, FOR THE CLAW LASHES
OUT AND FIXES ITSELF FIRMLY ABOVE THE ELBOW
OF HIS "METALLIC" ARM. IN CU, IT STARTS
TO CLOSE, SLOWLY.)

HUMANDROID: Here, steady on -

(THE CRIP INTENSIFIES.)

D'you mind! That's my
second best arm ...

PERI: That's it - that's what
he wants -

HUMANDROID: Eh?

PERI: Look, he can't very well
build anything with that claw of his, can
he? If he's ^{an ASSASSIN} ~~a mechanic~~, he must have a whole
range of ~~fittings~~ ^{WEAPONS} that go onto it.

(OVERCOMING HER NATURAL FEELINGS, SHE EXAMINES
THE CLAW MORE CLOSELY.)

Look - there are all sorts
of sockets and grooves -

(KEVIN LOOKS AS WELL)

KEVIN: Isn't evolution wonderful

...

HUMANDROID: That's what I said ...
sort of ... well, alright, just give it a
couple of turns -

(THE ARM COMES OFF. OBVIOUSLY, THERE SHOULD
BE NO RESEMBLANCE TO OUR OWN PROSTHETICS -
PERI AND KEVIN START TO FIX THE ROBOT ARM
OVER THE CLAW.)

Actually, the trigger finger
on that one's a bit stiff - you don't think
he'd give it a bit of a tweak while he's
at it, do you?

PERI: You ask him ...

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

DOCTOR: The Vortex isn't running
now, is it?

TOYMAKER: It fluctuates.

DOCTOR: But you can intensify it?

TOYMAKER: On occasion.

DOCTOR: It doesn't affect Stefan

....

TOYMAKER: Doesn't it?

DOCTOR: Nor any of the other people
around you ...

TOYMAKER: Like a child, fishing in
a dark pool

DOCTOR: I must say, you see to
hang onto your staff for an impressive length
of time - two hundred years for poor old
Shardlow, wasn't it?

TOYMAKER: I really couldn't say.

DOCTOR: How long has Stefan been
with you?

TOYMAKER: Stefan was my first, and
my best recruit. We had a game of dice,
didn't we, Stefan, in Constantinople ...

STEFAN: We did, Lord. Never was
I so pleased to lose a game of dice. I was
with Barbarossa. The army of the third great
crusade.

~~Doctor~~: The third Crusade ... you killed more of
each other than anyone else. One of the most
barbaric forces in history ...

STEFAN: We took what we wanted.
We bowed our heads to our Lord only.
To no other man -

TOYMAKER:(RECALLING) You wagered a Greek
family, as I recall ... whatever became of
them?

STEFAN: You sold them, Lord.

TOYMAKER: I suppose I did. What else would I do with a Greek family ... oh it's a long time ago ...

DOCTOR: Eight hundred years ...

TOYMAKER: Does it seem a long time to wait, Doctor? For a game?

DOCTOR: Time, as someone once said, is relative

(HE SEEMS ABOUT TO GO ON, BUT STOPS IN MID THOUGHT. THE TOYMAKER HAS WAITED LONG ENOUGH.)

TOYMAKER: Come, Doctor. Pleasant though this little chat is, we should reach a resultuion on the main event, shoudl we not?

DOCTOR: I could simply refuse to play. What would you do then, lock me away forever?

TOYMAKER: Something like that, Doctor. And whilst you were locked away, Stefan here would have no end of amusing games with your two companions... the young lady first.. I would imagine
(AGAIN THE WOLFISH GRIN FROM STEFAN.)

DOCTOR: Well, what are we waiting for? Time's a-wasting

(HE HAS RISEN SWIFTLY, CROSSING TOWARDS THE DOOR.)

TOYMAKER: And we musn't waste time,
must we, Doctor?

(THE DOCTOR REGARDS HIM SUSPICIOUSLY. HOW
MUCH DOES THE TOYMAKER KNOW OF THE PLANS IN
THE CELL?)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(PERI IS HOLDING THE ANTENA, WHICH THE ^{MECHANIC}~~MECHANIC~~
IS WORKING ON WITH SOME DELICACY.
NB THE END OF THE CLAW IS NOW COVERED WITH THE
METALLIC ARM - WHICH IS, OF COURSE, SIMPLY
A DRESSED HUMAN ARM.)

HUMANDROID: So back home he has a whole
army - well race really - of robotsdo do
all the messy work. Mind you, we had one
at our mess once - wonderful after-dinner
speaker. You couldn't really expect the
same thing from him now could you?

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AND THE TOYMAKER ARE STANDING
NEAR THE GAMES MACHINE, STEFAN IN ATTENDANCE.)

TOYMAKER: There is only one rule
Doctor.

DOCTOR: Win, yes, I know. What's
the High Score? 125,000? Who made
that?

TOYMAKER: I did. WITH SOME COACHING FROM
THE OTHER HABYER BICKERSTAFF. A TRUE GENIUS
AT THIS PARTICULAR --- ENTERTAINMENT ---

~~DOCTOR: And, of course, I have
to take your word for that.~~

~~TOYMAKER: Don't you trust me, Doctor?~~

DOCTOR: "Last player 2550" Poor
chap.

TOYMAKER: Are you ready?

DOCTOR: Not quite -

TOYMAKER: Good ...

(AND HE PRESSES THE ONE PLAYER BUTTON ANYWAY.)

DOCTOR: Now, this must be left
and this is right....

(HE PROCEEDS TO MANIPULATE THE CONTROLS,
DEMONSTRATING A VERY MIS-SPENT YOUTH IN SOME
GALACTIC DIVE OR OTHER. HE GRINS HUGELY
AT THE TOYMAKER AS THE FIRST SCREENFUL OF
CRUNCHING MONSTERS IS OBLITERATED. THE TOYMAKER
GIVES THE SORT OF INSCRUTABLE LOOK ONE MIGHT
EXPECT FROM AN ALL-POWERFUL BEING IN A MANDARIN'S
DRESSING GOWN.)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE ARM IS NOW PERFORMING WHAT APPEARS TO
BE OPEN-HEART ELECTRONIC SURGERY ON THE
HUMANDROID. A BUNCH OF WIRES AND CUBBINS DANGLES
FROM A PANEL ON HIS CHEST.)

HUMANDROID: Honestly, doesn't hurt a bit ... I remember a terrific scrap off Vega V, both arms, both legs and half me head missing, then a lump of atomic shrapnel split my ship stem to stern, caught me across the chest just about where your hands is now....

(PERI MOVES HER HAND HASTILY)

- - ~~THEY~~ did a marvellous job on me after that. Latest everything. Wonderful thing, medicine

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

DOCTOR: Very well paced, Toymaker. Obviously a lot of research in this.

TOYMAKER: Years and years.

DOCTOR: At the funfair, I suppose?

(A LOOK FROM THE TOYMAKER)

All those bumps on grab-handles, pressure pads on the seats - whole place wired like an octopaedal dishwasher. ~~Random blood tests and medicals too, I shouldn't wonder....~~

TOYMAKER: I could hardly bring several million people here for tests, could I?

DOCTOR: JUST A SELECT FEW -
FOR BLOOD TESTS, MEDICALS, - THAT
SORT OF THING - ... ?
(NO REPLY FROM THE TOYMAKER.)

THE GAME, WHICH WE SHOULD BE WATCHING AS WE WISH, IN THE SAME FASHION AS THE PREVIOUS GAMES, HAS REACHED SOMETHING OF A WATERSHED

- 15,000 POINTS ARE CREDITED TO THE DOCTOR.
~~THE "LIVES" SYMBOLS NOW NUMBER FIVE EXTRA~~
~~ONES HAVING BEEN GAINED AT THE 5000 AND 10000~~
~~STAGES, WE CAN ASSUME)~~

DOCTOR: Do I get my money back when
 I win?

(HE CARRIES ON PLAYING, BLITHELY. THE TOYMAKER
 SEEMS NOT A JOT DISTURBED)

INT CELL. NIGHT.

HUMANDROID: So I said to the sergeant-
 major "PF 4963" I said " I know it's going
 to be hell, but -"

(THERE IS A SMALL BUT ABRUPT SQUAWK AS THE
 HAND MOVES AND DISCONNECTS THE HUMANDROIDS
 VOICE-BOX. HIS LIPS CONTINUE TO MOVE, WE
 MAY IMAGINE MAKING SOME PROTEST. THE REFLIEF
 IS BLESSED)

PERI:(SOOTHINGLY) It's alright, I think he
 needs your speaker for something...

~~THE ASSASSIN TURNS TO STARE AT~~
~~(THE SINGLE EYE OF THE MECHANIC MOVES CLOSER~~
~~TO PERI, WHO MOVES FURTHER AWAY. WHAT'S~~
~~HE IT EXAMINING HER FOR?)~~

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE ATMOSPHERE HAS CHANGED MORE THAN SOMEWHAT.
 THE DOCTOR IS NOW CONCENTRATING FIERCELY,
 AND WE CAN DETECT A RAISED TEMPO IN THE
 CRUNCHCRUNCH THE TOYMAKER IS ALLOWING
 HIMSELF THE VERY BEGINNING OF ENJOYMENT,

STEFAN HAS STARTED TO SHIN, AND THE DOCTOR
HAS PERHAPS EVEN STARTED TO PERSPIRE...)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

^{ASSASSIN}
(THE MECHANIC NOW HAS THE PRETTY IMPRESSIVE
ARRAY OF ELECTRICAL AND ELECTRONIC GUBBINS
SPREAD OVER MOST OF THE CELL. THERE IS NO
CLUE AS TO WHAT IT'S FOR....)

KEVIN: I haven't got a clue what
it's all for, have you?

(PERI SHAKES HER HEAD)

PERI: But I hope we find out
pretty soon....

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR, BATTLING ON. THE NOISES COMING
FROM THE MACHINE ARE NO LONGER (IF THEY
EVER WERE) LIMITED TO THE CRUNCHCRUNCHCRUNCH
NOISE, WHICH IS LOUD ENOUGH, BUT ALSO CONSISTS
OF SCREECHING AND SCREAMINGS, AND ANY KIND
OF ELECTRONIC BATTLE NOISES TO HAND. THE
DOCTOR SLUMPS A LITTLE, ^{THE FIRST LIFE} ~~AS ANOTHER LIFE~~ IS
LOST.

BY NOW IT SHOULD BE APPARENT THAT THE TOYMAKER
IS LIVING EVERY SECOND OF THE GAME WITH HIM,
BUT, OF COURSE, FROM THE COMPUTER'S SIDE)
~~... THREE LIVES ONLY LEFT...)~~

INT. CELL NIGHT.

(IT IS NOW CLEAR THAT THE ANTENNA HAS BEEN FASHIONED INTO A SORT OF CAP OR HELMET, VERY ROUGHLY, TO BE SURE, BUT NEVERTHELESS ... THE ^{ASSASSIN'S} ~~MECHANIC'S~~ NEW ARM REACHES OUT AND HOLDS PERI IN THE SAME WAY IT AT FIRST HELD THE HUMANDROIDS)

PERI: Oh no, not my arm!!

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE FINAL STAGES OF THE NEXT SCREENFUL - WITH THE DOCTOR OBVIOUSLY LOSING HEAVILY ... THE TOYMAKER STIFFENS SLIGHTLY ...)

TOYMAKER: The game ... you're not thinking about the game ...

~~(THE DOCTOR ABANDONS THE GAME.) VERY QUICKLY
THERE IS A BLARE AS THE NEXT LIFE IS LOST
.....)~~

DOCTOR: You're not from this Universe, are you? That's why there's no trace. That's why the Universal Laws don't concern you. You're from another Time and Space!!

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

^{ASSASSIN}
(THE ~~MECHANIC~~ HAS GENTLY PULLED PERI DOWN TO KNEEL BY HIM. THE CAP IS LIFTED TO SIT ON HER HEAD. HE IS TRYING TO PERSUADE HER TO PUT IT ON)

PERI: He wants me to put it on
....

KEVIN: Sooner you than me ...

(CAREFULLY, SHE LOWERS THE CAP ONTO HER HEAD.
THE MONSTER GIVES WHATEVER GLEEFUL GESTURE
IT CAN, CLAW AND ALL)

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

DOCTOR: Whatever catastrophe it
was, it hurled you from your own Universe
into this one. You carry your own matter _
with you - not anti-matter, obviously, but
different from ours ...

(INTERCUT: THE GAMEMACHINE CONTINUES, INEXORABLY)

Relativity - that's the
key! Your own universe is receding so fast
it's pushing your time back as it goes.

(WITH EVEN SOME AWE)

You'll live for millions
of years!

TOYMAKER:(ALMOST A CROAK) I have done ...

~~(THE GAMES MACHINE IS BLARING ITS PARTICULAR
TRIUMPH AGAIN, AS THE PENULTIMATE LIFE IS
LOST. (STEFAN LOOKS BY TURNS ELATED AND FEARFUL.
IN EIGHT CENTURIES HE HAS NOT SEEN HIS "LORD"
LIKE THIS ...)~~

DOCTOR: The isolation of aeons.
The crushing boredom of thousands of millennia
... you poor, poor creature

(FROM HIS COMPASSION GO TO THE IMPLACABILITY
OF THE GAMESSCREEN. THE ^{NUMERATE} LAST LIFE IS LOST.)

INT. CELL NIGHT.

(PERI HOLDS THE CAP ON HER HEAD. KEVIN HAS
PLUGGED IN THE MACHINE. NO GAMES NOISES
EMANATE, JUST POWER HUM, WHICH GROWS, AS
IT DID BEFORE, BUT NOW AMPLIFIED GREATLY
UNTIL THEY CAN HARDLY HEAR THEMSELVES SPEAK.)

PERI: I don't know what to do!!

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

THE 'CRUNCHCRUNCH' NOISE GROWS LOUDER.
ON THE VIDEO SCREEN WE SEE ONE
OF THE MONSTERS, HUMANOID, GROWING
LARGER THAN THE OTHERS. THE FIGURE
IS PRIMARY RED, AND GIVES THE
SENSE OF SQUAT, POWERFUL, INDESTRUCTIBLE
FORCE - SQUARE SHOULDERS, POWERFUL
ARMS AND THICK LEGS, THE HEAD
MADE OF GEOMETRIC FORMS, THE
WHOLE BODY COMPOSED OF FLEXIBLE
AND RIGID PLANES AND FACETS -
CRYSTALLINE AND ELECTRONIC.)

(THE CRUNCHCRUNCH SIGNALS THE APPROACH OF
ELMON, THOUGH THE DOCTOR IS TOO INTENT TO
NOTICE WHAT'S GOING ON ON THE GAMESSCREEN.
WE, HOWEVER, INTERCUT TO SEE THE EFFECT
AS BEFORE. ELMON LOOMS)

TOYMAKER: Then I grew tired of creating
... ships, cities, continents, whole planets
even. I transported life. I colonised.
I helped it survive and thrive ... for millennia
.... for hundreds of millennia thousands
... Until I came to destroy, wantonly, wilfully,
the same ships, the same planets I ^{HAD} helped
create ... and that too became empty ...

TOYMAKER:(CONT'D.).... meaningless creation...
I have yearned for death, Doctor. For the release
which has eluded me for more time than many
worlds have existed.Until now, I had no means...
nothing from this universe could harm me, until
now ...

(THE DOCTOR IS REALLY STRUGGLING WITH THE GAME
NOW, AND WE SHOULD START TO BE MORE AWARE OF
THE SCORE - NOW APPROACHING TWENTY THOUSAND...)

DOCTOR: You can prattle all you like,
Toymaker... I'm winning !

TOYMAKER: I hope so, Doctor, I truly
truly hope so !

(REACTION DOCTOR.)

Linked into the machine is
a psycho-relay. My own psycho-relay set to your
alpha-waves. If you win, the psytronic energy
it releases will send me into blessed oblivion-
~~DOCTOR: WHAT, KILL YOU ? IF THAT ABSURD SCORE~~
~~IS REACHED, YOU DIE ? I DON'T BELIEVE YOU. YOU WERE~~
~~ALWAYS A POOR LOSER -~~

DOCTOR: But you're the vortex as well !

If you die you'll turn time inside out ! ~~THIS~~
~~WHOLE SECTION OF THE UNIVERSE - BILLIONS OF~~
~~LIGHT YEARS ACROSS - WILL BE CRUSHED !~~

TOYMAKER: Which will be no longer my
concern. Twenty three thousand, Doctor. Only
two thousand to go. You can do it !

DOCTOR: It's a trick - another of
your tricks !

TOYMAKER: As you wish, Doctor. There's
only one way to find out !

(THE DOCTOR, PERSPIRING HEAVILY, LOOKS DESPERATELY
AT THE SCREEN. 124500...)

TOYMAKER: YES, DOCTOR,

BY THIS WAY I WIN THE GAME, -
WHATEVER HAPPENS.

HE STEPS BACK FROM THE CONTROLS.)

TOYMAKER:(SCREAMS, You fool ! You could win !

DOCTOR: No-one ever wins at your game.
Toymaker. That much I know. With nothing else
to stop me, I think you're telling the truth...

(THE LAST CLARION CALL COMES FROM THE MACHINE
AS THE DOCTOR'S ABANDONED GAME IS LOST ... THE
"CRUMPCRUMP" NOISE CONTINUES, AND GROWS LOUDER.
THE DOCTOR LOOKS TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING--
FROM THE CENTRE OF THE VIDEO GAME WE SEE ONE
OF THE ALIEN MONSTERS GROWING LARGER THAN ITS
BROTHERS.....

5
55

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE FIGURE OF THE ALIEN GROWS LARGER AND LARGER UNTIL IT FILLS THE VIDEOSCREEN, WHEN, WITH A FINAL "WUMPH" IT MOVES TO OUTSIDE THE MACHINE

.....

THE MONSTER ECHOES THE SHAPE AND COLOUR OF THE OTHER ALIENS EXACTLY BUT IS NOW OVER SIX FEET TALL. THE ELECTRONIC MONSTER -ELMON- SHOULD GIVE THE SENSE OF SQUAT INDESTRUCTIBLE FORCE-SQUARE SHOULDERED, POWERFUL ARMS AND THICK LEGS, HEAD MADE OF GEOMETRIC FORMS, THE WHOLE BODY COMPOSED OF FLEXIBLE PLANES, ANGLES, FACETS... CRYSTALLINE, ELECTRONIC... IT TURNS TO SEEK THE DOCTOR)

DOCTOR: Is this what you want to unleash on the world ?

TOYMAKER: This and thousands like it, Doctor. There is nothing to stop me now. You refused to serve my purpose and you will now pay the price ... KILL HIM !!!

(THE ELMON ADVANCES IN THE DOCTOR)

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

ASSASSIN'S
(THE MONSTER'S CLAW/ARM IS AROUND PERI'S THROAT.
KEVIN IS TRYING TO HELP HER LOOSEN IT, TO
NO AVAIL.)

PERI: Doctor! Doctor!

(AND THEN, WITH ALL THE POWER SHE HAS, SHE
SCREAMS:)

DOCTOR!!!!

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER IS BAFFLED BY THE SOUNDS IN
HIS HEAD. STEFAN COVERS THE DOCTOR WITH
HIS GUN AS HE MOVES AROUND TO HELP THE TOYMAKER.
THE ELMON SEEMS CONFUSED AS TO WHICH IS HIS
TARGET. AS STEFAN TURNS TO HELP THE TOYMAKER,
THE DOCTOR GRABS HIS GUN HAND - THE NEAREST
- AND SWINGS HIM IN A GREAT CARTWHEEL, SMACK
INTO ELMON.

AGAIN THERE IS THE SHORT SCREAM, AND STEFAN
FALLS. / PERI'S SCREAM IS BUILDING, BUILDING,
AND DISTORTING WILDLY. THE TOYMAKER LOOKS
AS THOUGH HIS HEAD IS ABOUT TO BURST. ELMON
HEADS STRAIGHT FOR HIM AND PUTS BOTH HANDS
TO THE TOYMAKER'S HEAD. THERE IS THE POWER
NOISE TO COPE WITH NOW, ALSO. ELMON DOES
HIS DISAPPEARING TRICK, AND THE TOYMAKER
FALLS TO THE FLOOR, IN A HEAP. THE DOCTOR
RUSHES OUT OF THE ROOM. GO IN ON THE TOYMAKER.
IMPOSSIBLE TO TELL IF HE'S DEAD OR MERELY
UNCONSCIOUS.)

HE HAS SERVED AS A DISTRACTION
ONLY, AND SO DOES NOT RECEIVE
THE FULL TREATMENT - JUST ENOUGH
TO BE FATAL, BUT NOT THE ~~LAST~~
DUST.

INT. CELL. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR RUSHES IN, GRABS THE CAP FROM PERI.)

DOCTOR: Well done! Upstairs quick as you can .. come on!

(HE RUSHES OUT AGAIN.)

INT. CORRIDOR/STAIRS:

(NB IF THIS RUNNING UPSTAIRS SEQUENCE IS TOO MUCH SET, WE CAN DO IT WITH A JUMP CUT TO THE TOYMAKER'S ROOM - THIS IS THE ONLY TIME WE COULD REALLY DO WITH THE STAIRS ...)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR ENTERS AT THE RUN AND GOES STRAIGHT TO THE DESK, SEARCHES IT FRANTICALLY. PERI AND KEVIN RUN IN.)

PERI: What are you looking for?

DOCTOR: The relay - the one he uses on the Holo-Field downstairs ...

PERI: What does it look like?

DOCTOR: I haven't the faintest idea! Just look for something you've never seen before and we'll start with that!

PERI: Where!

DOCTOR: Over on the wall. Rip it down! We must find it before he regains consciousness

(SO NOW WE KNOW)

INT GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER STIRS.)

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR AT THE WALL, BY THE WALLSCREEN AND FLASHING LIGHTS. PERI HAS TORN SOME OF THE WALL COVERINGS DOWN. THE DOCTOR PULLS WIRING AND EQUIPMENT OUT OF THE WALL UNTIL HE PULLS, WITH EASE, A STAINLESS STEEL CYLINDER, ABOUT TWELVE INCHES LONG BY FOUR INCHES IN DIAMETER FROM A SOCKET. HE WHOOPS WITH JOY, AND FRANTICALLY UNSCREWS ONE END OF IT.)

INT. GAMES ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE TOYMAKER IS RISING ON ONE KNEE, STILL GROGGY. HE ASSUMES HIS FORMER MENACE AS HE RISES, JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE DOCTOR WALK IN THROUGH THE DOOR.)

TOYMAKER: I have had millions of years to devise a punishment for you. I have millions more to inflict it ...

DOCTOR: Time you have, yes. But you're no more a threat to anyone.

(HE MAKES A DEFINITE TWISTING MOTION TO THE END OF THE CYLINDER.

THE TOYMAKER STARTS FORWARD, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY AS HE SHACKS INTO AN INVISIBLE FIELD THE DOCTOR HOLDS UP THE RELAY CYLINDER.)

DOCTOR: Your own telepathic relay switch for the Holofield which now surrounds you. Tuned to your own thought frequency. It will stay closed through the power of your own brain. It will function as long as your brain functions, even when you're asleep. Until you're dead.

(AS THE ENORMITY OF HIS FATE DAWNS UPON HIM, THE TOYMAKER STARTS TO EXPLORE THE EXTENT OF HIS PRISON, JUST LIKE MARCEL MARCEAU DID)

I detest caging even the wildest beast, Toymaker. But for you there is no other answerGoodbye

INT. TOYMAKER'S ROOM. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR JOINS PERI AND KEVIN.)

PERI: Is he still unconscious?

DOCTOR: Unfortunately for him, no.

KEVIN: We'd better get out then

DOCTOR: He can't hurt you now. I've locked him in the same sort of Holofield as he kept^{VS} in downstairs, powered by his own thoughts, locked in an endless eternal loop ...

(HE REALLY IS AN OLD GLOOMY BOOTS ABOUT THE WHOLE THING)

PERI: His telepathy - he can order someone outside to destroy the relay

(LUCKY FOR THE DOCTOR, HE NOW HAS SOMETHING UPON WHICH TO VENT HIS FEELINGS. HE REPLIES SAVAGELY:)

DOCTOR: I just told you - it's an endless loop. The eternal circle, no beginning, no end. A law which applies to all universes .../his thoughts will just go round and round, trapping him, holding him, echoing all around him for the rest of time ... it's ... loathsome ...

ANYTHING HE TRANSMITS HE WILL ALSO RECEIVE -

PERI: When I screamed ... I saw something. A monster ... an unstappable monster...-It would go on forever, too ...

DOCTOR: When you screamed, you flooded his mind - the ~~mechanic~~ ^{mechanic} rigged up a broadcast transmitter on the same wavelength as the controls he used for our prison. You obviously caught some of the backwash

PERI: And the monster I saw would rampage all over earth ...?

DOCTOR: It certainly would. It and thousands like it, generated by anyone losing at the Toymaker's latest game. That was his Great Work

PERI: Then you had no choice

DOCTOR: But, don't you see, Peri
- I have some idea of what it will be like...
the endless, unbroken stream of time, nothing
but time

(HE SEEMS DETERMINED TO SINK INTO MELANCHOLIA.)

PERI:(BRIGHTLY) Well, we can't just leave
him where he is. We'll get back to the Tardis
and you can use the trans-dimensional stabilizer
to whisk him off to somewhere he won't be
noticed. Then you can ferry our friends
downstairs back to where they came from.

(SHE SUCCEEDS IN BREAKING THE DOCTOR'S ANGST
ADMIRABLY ...)

DOCTOR: What d'you think I am,
a Cosmic Taxi Service?

PERI: Now that you mention it...

(UNSEEN BY THEM A HORRIBLE FIGURE HAS APPROACHED
AND NOW APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY. NOT QUITE
HUMANOID, NOT QUITE ALIEN, IT'S FACE SEEMINGLY
COMPOSED OF A CAPING, CAVERNOUS HOLE ...)

GEOFF:(YAWNING) There's a helluva racket
down her ... I'm trying to get some kip in

KEVIN: Geoff!

GEOFF: Hello, Kev. What are you
doing here? D'you know the time...?

(HE IS STOPPED BY AN ENTHUSIASTIC EMBRACE
FROM HIS ELDER BROTHER. FROM THE LOOK ON
HIS FACE, IT'S NOT THE USUAL REACTION FROM
HIS BROTHER.)

DOCTOR:(TO PERI: Shall we leave Romulus
and Remus to sort things out?

(SHE NODS HER AGREEMENT. THEY HEAD FOR THE
DOOR.)

Kevin - somewhere in here you'll find the
patients for all those machines - they're
yours as much as anyone's. Should be worth
quite a lot of money. Why don't you use
it to close down the Toymaker's factory ...
the term "takeover" seems very apt under
the circumstances -

KEVIN: Eh, I've always fancied
setting up on me own, like ...

DOCTOR: Take my tip, always start
at the top if you can ... bye now.

PERI: Bye ..

KEVIN: See you ...one day?

(BUT THEY'RE GONE.)

GEOFF: You know in just the coupla
days I been here, I've seen more oddballs. - -

KEVIN: Coupla days?

GEOFF: Yeah -

(HE CONTINUES, IN A CONFIDENTIAL TONE.)

You get so you don't ask
any daft questions, Kev; know what I mean

....

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and Remus to sort things out?

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(HE CONTINUES, IN A CONFIDENTIAL TONE.)

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any daft questions, Kev, know what I mean

....

INT. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

(THE DOCTOR IS STRIDING OFF DOWN THE CORRIDOR.)

PERI: Where are you going? This
is the way out -

(SHE GESTURES IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.)

DOCTOR: But this is the way back
to the funfaircoming?

(PERI HESITATES FOR ONLY A MOMENT, THEN GRINS
AND GOES AFTER HIM.

ROLL END CREDITS.)